The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 3. Vol. I. DECEMBER, 1891. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* December *will be noticed in the* January *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th January, *in the* February *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

While grateful for the kind welcome accorded to us by the press, and not averse to the free use of duly acknowledged paragraphs, we are compelled to protest against quotations whose source is not indicated. Great pains are taken to make our intelligence as far as possible fresh, and it is not just to quote, as even first-class journals have done, a whole string of paragraphs, acknowledging one or none.

Along with the portrait of Miss Wilkins, we present one of Miss Sara Jeanette Duncan, a Canadian authoress, whose brilliant and unconventional books, 'A Social Departure' and 'An American Girl in London,' have deservedly attracted attention in this country. We hope soon to publish an article on Miss Duncan.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has just sent home a new story of some thirty thousand words. The title is 'The Beach of Palesa.' Mr. Stevenson projected some time ago a work more picturesquely named.

Mr. Wolcot Balestier, the collaborateur of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, has written a novel, which will probably be published in the *Century*. The title proposed is 'Benefits Forgot.'

Mr. Balestier, who is well known in London as the representative of an American publishing firm, and as chief editor of the rival "Tauchnitz," is a Colorado man, intimately familiar with the country. This will probably make it easy to assign his share of the new novel.

Mr. Jerome's new magazine, the *Idler*, will, it is expected, be published on January 15th for February, by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. The cover chosen is a very pretty one, in two browns, with the letters well brought out. Mark Twain's new novel, 'An American Claimant,' will run through the magazine, and Bret Harte will contribute to the first number. Mr. Jerome will write papers—both pathetic and humorous—and his assistant editor, Mr. Robert Barr (Luke Sharp of the *Detroit Free Press*), a very able writer, who has hardly yet come to his own, will be among the prominent contributors.

Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., the publishers of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new story, 'The History of David Grieve,' expect to publish it in January, but are unable to fix the exact date. The book will be about the same length as 'Robert Elsmere,' and has taken the authoress in all about three years to write.

Mrs. Ward has been resting abroad, mainly at Cannes and Florence. It is worth noting that she has declined the most tempting offers for the serial publication of her story.

Mr. Thomas Hardy's sketch, 'A Saturday Night in Arcady,' published lately in the *National Observer*, was originally an episode in 'Tess,' the story now appearing in the *Graphic*. 'Tess' promises to rank among the very foremost of Mr. Hardy's novels.

The "new writer" who contributed "An Elegie" to *Blackwood* for November is Miss Ellen D'Arcy, a young lady who has written stories in *Temple Bar* and the *Argosy*.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* for November 20th quotes from a correspondent of the *British Weekly*, who states that he has heard on excellent authority that Lord Tennyson's poem, 'Crossing the Bar,' was composed at the request of an old lady who complained that he had written no hymns. We are able to substantiate that account. The poem was composed during an illness. Being upbraided by his nurse because he had never written any hymns, Lord Tennyson composed 'Crossing the Bar' the same night and recited it to her the next morning. Our authority for this is a lady friend of Lord Tennyson, who received the information from the lips of the poet during a visit. It is quite possible that this account may be reconciled with that of Dr. Ainger, who asserts that it was written by Lord Tennyson on a day when he journeyed across the Solent from Aldworth to Farringdon. There is nothing to prevent the poem having been composed before and written out afterwards in its complete and perfect form.

There is in the possession of an intimate friend of Lord Tennyson a letter the contents of which should prove useful to any future biographers. It is an account of the manner in which he first essayed to make poetry. One day, at about the age of sixteen, he was too ill to go to church. His brother suggested that he should employ his spare time

in trying to write a poem. The boy did so, and discovered for the first time his capacity for poetical expression.

Mrs. Oliphant is at present engaged on a History of Victorian Literature, in which she is being assisted by her son.

"Lewis Carroll" is now deep in work on his new volume, which is to be a sequel to 'Sylvie and Bruno.' It is to be hoped the sequel will be a little more clear and coherent than the original volume. "Lewis Carroll," by the way, has the quaint and somewhat extensive ambition to write *eighteen* books before he dies. This is "a large order." But perhaps he will write them under his other personality —the mathematical tutor of Christ Church. These two sides of Lewis Carroll are apt to get intermixed. Mr. Dodson—the name of Lewis Carroll's *alter ego*—has lately been riding a tilt at that axiom by which, in our youth, we were taught to believe that parallel lines never met. The times are changed, and it now seems that they do.

The Rev. W. M. Rodwell has retired from the editorship of the *Newbery House Magazine*, which for the present is to be edited by a member of the firm of Griffith, Farran, Okeden and Welsh.

Dr. Jowett is agreed to be one of the worst patients on record. Before his illness he was engaged in revising the proofs of a new edition of his translation of Plato's works, and no doctor could prevail on him to set this task aside. Throughout the day he would have the proofs read to him by his housekeeper, interpolating notes and corrections, until the doctors prevailed on him to have a separate staff for his literary and bodily wants. The keenness of his desire to leave no ragged ends in his life is shown by the fact that if he woke in the middle of the night he would call for the books and resume his work. It is some consolation to know from all this that, however the body may have suffered, no weakness has impaired one of the keenest minds still among us.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, who edited the volume of posthumous poems by Philip Bourke Marston, which we review this month, has decided to publish a collected edition of Marston's work, which will be issued sumultaneously in England and America some time next year.

Mr. Oscar Wilde has just finished a play, which will be produced at the St. James's Theatre. Mr. Wilde wrote 'Dorian Gray,' as it appeared in magazine form, in three weeks, but the plot had of course been forming in his mind for a long time. The opium den scene (which occurs only in the revised volume form) is, for all its fidelity of detail, a purely imaginary description, as Mr. Wilde recently said that he had never set foot in an opium den in his life.

A new book by Mr. Walter Crane, a series of essays on 'The Claims of Decorative Art,' is in the press, and may be expected very soon. The book will be adorned by decorative headings to the chapters of Mr. Crane's designing. The publishers are Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen.

A little volume of 'Stories for Children,' by Mr. W. J. Linton, will appear about Christmas. The chief interest attached to them will be in respect to the illustrations, which are very fine examples of Mr. Linton's work. The book was privately printed by the writer in America some years ago, but is practically unknown.

Mr. W. Earl Hodgson, who edits the Rosslyn Series, expects to add to it a volume by the author of 'Lorna Doone.' Unlike the volumes already issued, which were collections of short poems, Mr. Blackmore's will contain a single story in verse. As a commentary on the belief that there is no demand for poetry at present, it may be said that two out of the four poets in this series—Lord Rosslyn and Mr. Walter Pollock—have now reached a second edition.

Mr. H. W. Lucy will contribute a volume to the "Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour." It will appear in December or January, under the title of 'Faces and Places,' and will enshrine some of his personal experiences in the paths of journalism.

The Rev. John Hudson, of Chillingham, who died on October 31st, was at the time of his death the oldest member of the University of Cambridge, and the oldest clergyman of the Church of England. He was born on January 5th, 1793, at Warkworth, Northumberland, and to the end was a miracle of physical and mental vigour, taking his usual part of the Church Service only the Sunday before his death. He took his degree as Senior Optime in the year after Waterloo, among his fellow B.A.'s being Jacob and Whewell. We are glad to hear that a full biography of this notable man is to be written by his grandson, the Rev. John Hudson.

It is worth recalling that Chillingham Castle was the original of Osbaldistone Hall in 'Rob Roy.'

Mrs. Sutherland Orr will reply to some of the criticisms on her Life of Browning in an early number of the *Fortnightly*.

The author of the anonymously published 'Letters to Living Artists,' a book which has attracted some little attention, is Mr. Gleeson White, the editor of the volume of 'Ballades and Rondeaus' which appeared in 1887 in the 'Canterbury Poets' series.

The author of 'Tim' is Mr. Howard Sturgis, a younger brother of Mr. Julian Sturgis. Although not distinguished in the class lists at Cambridge (he was prevented by illness from entering for the Moral Science Tripos), he had a remarkable ascendency over his companions, and was noted for his interest in literature. He wrote a prize essay on Macaulay, and we believe the draft at least of 'Tim' was prepared some time ago. Mr. Sturgis has reached the comparatively mature age of thirty-six.

Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co., of Westminster, are about to issue an 'Oriental Miscellany,' dedicated by special permission to H.M. Queen Victoria, Empress of India. The first volume, now all but ready, is a revised edition by Archibald Constable of François Bernier's 'Travels in the Mogul Empire,' 1656-68, founded upon

Irving Brock's translation. The work will be fully illustrated with contemporary portraits, etc., the frontispiece being a particularly delicate coloured reproduction of a native artist's portrait of Sháh Jahán. Great care seems to have been exercised over every detail of the publication ; and, in particular, various novel precautions have been adopted tending to the preservation of the volumes in a tropical climate and during transit to the East. Among the other publications that will be included in the series are a new 'Hand Atlas of India,' with plates by J. G. Bartholomew ; 'Mecca, the City and its Inhabitants,' from the German of Dr. C. Snouck Hurgronje ; and 'Ancient India as described by Classical Authors,' by J. W. McCrindle, late Principal of the Government College, Patna.

In view of the Centennial of the foundation of the Baptist Missionary Society in 1892, Mr. Thomas Wright, the historian of Olney, is collaborating with Mr. Mornay Williams, of New York, with a view to the issue next year of a volume containing the hitherto unpublished letters of Dr. Carey, Andrew Fuller, John Ryland, and John Sutcliff of Olney, addressed to Mr. Williams's grandfather, the Rev. John Williams, pastor of the Fayette Street Baptist Church, in New York, from 1797 to 1825. The volume will contain a chapter by Mr. Wright with some fresh and interesting facts concerning these worthies.

There was printed at the end of Mr. Robert Buchanan's recent book, 'The Coming Terror,' a "Letter Dedicatory to C. W. S. in Western America," in which Mr. Buchanan said: "Your letters came with their royal greeting as of king to king." The royal personage to whom Mr. Buchanan refers is, we believe, a certain Mr. Charles Warner Stoddard, who has the reputation on the other side of the Atlantic of being a pleasant and able writer, but whose claim to a literary royalty is not at present very well established.

The "Vagabond Club," to which we made references last month, has decided upon publishing a 'Vagabond Club Annual,' which will appear early next year. Mr. G. B. Burgin, the Honorary Secretary of the Club, will act as general editor, and among those who have promised to contribute are Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Robert Barr ("Luke Sharp,") Mr. F. W. Robinson, Mr. Coulson Kernahan, Mr. Irving Montagu, Mr. I. Zangwill, and Mr. H. E. Clarke. It should make an interesting volume.

The Rev. S. J. Stone, the author of the well-known hymn, "The Church's One Foundation," and other famous hymns, has written a lengthy poem upon Lord Tennyson's question, "Have we forgotten Gordon?" which will appear in the January number of the *Church Monthly*. Mr. Stone's 'Knight of Intercession and other Poems' has passed through numerous editions, and upon him the mantle of John Keble may fairly be said to have fallen. Mr. Stone, who was recently appointed to the living of All Hallows, London Wall, has another volume of poems in preparation.

The volume of sermons which Dr. George Macdonald is now engaged upon will be published when ready by Messrs. Ward, Lock, Bowden and Co.

While Mr. David Christie Murray was in New Zealand his novel 'Aunt Rachael' (which he considers his "high water mark") was printed in raised letters for the blind. This is the first work of fiction that has been thus put within the reach of the blind in Australasia.

The first edition of Professor Robertson Smith's 'Religion of the Semites' has been sold out. Copies of his earlier works sell at very high prices.

We understand that the *Contemporary Review* has secured a large number of unpublished letters by Carlyle, including some to Sir Gavan Duffy. English editors favour this kind of reading more than the American, one of whom is said to have declared lately that "a live ass is better than a dead lion."

The four numbers of the journal of the *Ex Libris* Society already published, show that it will excellently serve the ends of those devoted to the odd little bye-lane of antiquarianism with which the magazine deals. But the suggestion that Mr. Vicars, of Dublin, has thrown out in the September issue is well worthy of adoption. He proposes that the journal should be extended so as to embrace "heraldic matters generally." It would thus appeal to a vastly increased public; and it cannot be doubted that a "felt want" of our time is a magazine dealing with heraldry in a somewhat discursive and approximately human manner —in the manner, in fact, of the *Herald and Genealogist* in the gay, "salad days" of its earlier years, when John Gough Nichols was its guardian, before it became a venerable and useful—but certainly repulsive—dustbin of genealogy alone, a magazine to be consulted by the more serious, but surely never to be *read* by even the gravest of them.

The most widely interesting series of papers that the English journal could hit on would be a fully illustrated one on "The Book-plates of Distinguished Men." The book-plates designed by Robert White—that excellent *ad vivum* portrait-engraver—for Samuel Pepys, the making of which is mentioned in the world-famous Diary, would form an excellent start.

The complete novel in the January number of *Lippincott's Magazine* will deal with newspaper life, and will be entitled 'The Passing of Major Kilgore.' Among the writers who will contribute novels during the coming year are Mr. William Westall (whose story will be called 'Roy, the Royalist'), Mr. John Habberton, "Julius Gordon," and Mr. Julian Hawthorne. Leading actors have been engaged to contribute articles upon the modern stage. The first paper will be from the pen of Mr. E. S. Willard, and will appear in an early number. Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard has promised to write reminiscences of authors he has known. These will be published from time to time in the magazine during the coming year.

One reason why books fail is that a new subject is no sooner started than it is unmercifully ridden to death. Some curious statistics on this point might be obtained from the subject index of modern works added to the Library of the British Museum during the last five years, compiled

by Mr. Fortescue, the present Superintendent of the Reading Room. Thus in 1887 it was a reasonable thing to expect the appearance of a few books on the Life and Reign of Her Gracious Majesty, but when twenty-five such books were published at once, even Gracious Majesty palled. Behind the twenty-five books there were probably two hundred and fifty rejected manuscripts, and all this for lack of recognition that little books which any one can write no one wants to read. So with Slöjd, and Swedish Drill, and Volapuk, and Bacteriology, and Massage, and every fad of the day. Every one writes on it at once, and in the multitude of rival publications even a good book stands very little chance.

Mr. Fortescue's index, which suggests these remarks, is a book of seven hundred pages, containing altogether some forty thousand entries of the most important books, foreign as well as English, received at the Museum during the last five years. It thus rises almost to the rank of a bibliography of the innumerable subjects with which it deals, and should be very useful, not only at the Museum, but at other libraries as well.

The University Extension movement in America is to receive a great impetus this winter by a visit from Mr. Sadler, the secretary of the Oxford Extension movement. So enthusiastic are the Extensionists in America on behalf of Mr. Sadler's visit that they have covered the expenses both of himself and his wife. He will deliver two courses of lectures, and will visit a large number of towns. The immense number of small universities in America, which looks at first sight as if it would be an encouragement to Extension work, is really a factor which impedes the growth of a well-equipped Extension movement. It interferes with proper centralisation, and it lowers the standard of the higher education in every conceivable manner.

Mr. Murray has most practically and satisfactorily answered our complaint of last month by sending us pretty and cheap editions (3s. 6d. each) of Melville's 'Typee' and 'Omoo.' No one has any excuse for being ignorant of these delightful volumes.

Mr. Mark Knights, a well-known member of the Norfolk and Norwich Archæological Society, has in the press, and will shortly issue by subscription, a volume dealing with the antiquities of Norfolk, entitled 'Peeps at the Past.' The author has spent years of research in connection with the book, which promises to be of great historic interest. Messrs. Jarrold and Sons, Paternoster Buildings, London, are the publishers.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, Bowden and Co. will shortly publish a volume containing two novelettes by "Julius Gordon" (Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger), the author of 'A Diplomat's Diary,' 'A Successful Man,' etc. One of the stories, 'Vampires' (which gives the title to the volume) appeared in the May number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, but the other 'Mademoiselle Reseda,' has never before seen the light in this country.

We hear that the defunct *Magazine and Book Review* (to which a reference was made last month) is to be revived next spring. It will be edited, as before, by Mr. Charles F. Rideal.

'Women of the Time,' which is also under the editorship of Mr. Rideal, will be published in the spring by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co.

There will shortly appear a book that may well claim to be unique. Mr. James Scott, of the British Consular service in China, who is at present in England, has just seen through the press his Anglo-Corean Dictionary, upon which he has been hard at work for several years. Mr. Scott compiled some time ago a grammar of the Corean language, for which he was specially thanked by the Foreign Office. Mr. Scott, who is now undoubtedly the best living authority on the language and literature of the Hermit Kingdom, and who is also an admirable Chinese scholar, is the son of an Aberdeenshire farmer.

Scotch. Prospectuses will shortly be issued for the publication, by subscription, of an important work on 'The Master Masons to the Crown in Scotland and their Works.' The materials for the book were collected during the past fifty years by the late R. W. Mylne—various of whose ancestors held this appointment, aided by David Laing and other well-known antiquaries, and are now being prepared for press by his son, the Rev. R. Scott Mylne. The illustrations will include portraits of many of the master masons, and reproductions of the original designs by Robert Mylne, master mason to Charles II., for the rebuilding of Holyrood House; and many charters and other documents throwing curious light upon the progress of architecture in Scotland will be printed for the first time.

From the days of Kay and Crombie to those of Hole and Halkett, the celebrities of the "Modern Athens," great and small, have been portrayed with a frequency and a completeness that has surely been equalled in the case of no other British city; and yet another work on the subject is shortly to be published by the Thomson Brothers, of Edinburgh. This is a series of selections from the voluminous sketches of John Sheriff, better known as "Dr. Syntax," an eccentric genius—physician, printer, and artist—who, during the first forty years of the present century, sketched portraits of nearly every citizen of mark in the northern capital. The drawings include various likenesses of Sir Walter Scott, done from the life as he sat busied with his duties as clerk to the court; most of the Edinburgh professors—"Christopher North" among the rest; Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Candlish, and the other prominent divines; and Lord Jeffrey and the other judges. Over the figure and its extremities, the draftsman shows no greater command than was evinced by Kay himself in his "Etchings"; the work of both is distinctly amateurish; but Sheriff, like Kay, often managed to put a curious amount of character and verisimilitude into the faces; and his works have a distinct quaintness of their own, and are not without value as a homely record of the vanished personalities of the past.

The two final volumes of the monumental work, by the Messrs. McGibbon and Ross, upon the 'Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland,' publication of which has been delayed by pressure of professional duties and other causes, are now passing through the press, and will shortly be issued. The fifth—and last—volume will in-

clude an exhaustive account of the existing examples of old Scottish sun-dials—an expansion of an elaborate paper on the subject contributed by Mr. Thomas Ross last year to the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquarians of Scotland.

Irish.

Mr. John T. Gilbert, the well-known archæologist and historian, will publish in a few weeks a new and interesting work dealing with the Williamite and Jacobite wars in Ireland. He has already given the public an original narrative of the wars of 1641-49. He is now publishing in quarto an account of the wars of 1688-91 as given in a manuscript preserved in the family and archives of the Earl of Fingal. They will be not only interesting, but also important, as the Jacobite side of that eventful struggle has been hitherto largely untold.

The tercentenary of the great Elizabethan foundation of Trinity College, Dublin, will be celebrated in July next, when a large assemblage of distinguished men from various parts of the world is expected. Among others, M. Lanciani, the celebrated archæologist of Rome, is hoped for. An effort is being made at present to raise a building suitable for the various literary societies connected with the University of Dublin, and intended to serve as a memorial of its three hundredth birthday. Dr. Mahaffy, among his other varied labours, is engaged in the preparation of a work which will serve as a memorial of this event, embracing views and reproductions of some of the choicest treasures possessed by Trinity College, such as the Book of Armagh, the Book of Kells, and the Book of Durrow. In Dr. Mahaffy's hands the work is sure to be a success.

The Board of Trinity College are at present engaged in an attempt to settle the ever-recurring problem of their Divinity School, and to reconcile the presence of a denominational School of Divinity with an undenominational University. The Junior Fellows are determined to retain possession of the Divinity School. Some of them would even favour the notion of making the school undenominational, appointing as professors the best men of any religion, whether clergymen or laymen.

Miss Margaret Stokes is rapidly passing through the press her new work on the history and still existing traces of Irish monks, saints, and learned men in Italy and France. Miss Stokes has a wonderful faculty of making her vast knowledge of this subject interesting to the general reader, a quality hitherto somewhat lacking in Irish literary efforts.

A lady, Miss Dickson, daughter of Mr. T. Dickson, M.P., has just beaten all the medical students of Trinity College, Dublin, and succeeded in gaining the clinical medal, which was duly conferred upon her on November 17th by the Provost, Dr. Salmon.

Booksellers.

English booksellers exercised on the discount question should read in the *Journal de la Librairie* the proposals of their brethren across the Channel. The "trade" is evidently at a low ebb just now in France. A serious effort is being made to put things on a better foundation, and to this end a group of Lyons booksellers have drawn up a code which, after it has received the assent of the whole trade, they mean to submit to all the publishers in France. Here are a few of the articles of the proposed code. The publishers to give a uniform discount to all booksellers of not more than five per cent. for 100 or ten per cent. for 500 copies. The publishers only to sell their books to registered booksellers whose names shall appear in an annual list. No discount to be allowed to private customers, clubs, or literary societies. Four or five selected booksellers to settle with a commission of publishers the basis of an agreement, which shall be submitted to the entire trade.

The simultaneous appearance of the reviews in all the morning papers of November 16th with the delivery to all the booksellers on the same morning of Mrs. Grimwood's 'Three Years in Manipur,' had the effect of clearing off all the copies which the booksellers had purchased in anticipation of the demand.

The system of publishing books at net prices which has been tentatively tried by several firms recently can hardly be termed a success. Bookbuyers are incredulous when told there is no "reduction for cash," and large booksellers who can buy in quantities prefer the old system. In the case of a magazine recently advertised as net, and supplied at an increased rate to the trade, the publishers announce a reversion to the old terms, the new arrangement having given dissatisfaction to the country booksellers, who do not usually discount magazines.

The catalogue of the Bernard Library recently established in Rangoon contains some gems of cataloguing. 'Treaties on Geology' and 'Ending Diseases of Tropical Climates' are ordinary printer's jests. In the list of authors Ovid is thinly disguised under the designation "Naso, P.O.," someone whose name does not appear is described as "Cantab, A. M.," while the writer of the *Imitation* becomes colloquially "Kempis, T. A." 'Moses from an Old Manse' is good, but it cannot compete with the titles of two of Mr. Swinburne's works, which occur as 'Songs of the Spring Tides' and 'Chaste Lard.'

Journalists.

The project of a new London Liberal morning paper, which it was originally intended to have brought out last month, has not been given up. The rumour now is that it will appear early in the year. The editorial arrangements are, it is understood, in the hands of a gentleman who formerly conducted a northern provincial daily.

The newest thing in trade monthlies is *Our Customers*, which calls itself "A Monthly Magazine published and circulated by large London and provincial houses," amongst which are some of the best known. Mr. Sydney H. E. Foxwell and Mrs. E. Corfe are the founders of the new venture, the first number of which has just appeared.

Another society journal is projected; it is to be called *The Minstrel*, and will be largely devoted to music and the stage. We believe Mr. Sutherland Edwards and some of his friends are the projectors.

We hear that *Scribner's Magazine*, which is at present published in London by Messrs. Frederick Warne and Co., is about to follow the example of the *Nineteenth Century*,

and that Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co. will soon become the London publishers.

'The Financial Reform Almanac' will this year be published by Mr. John Heywood, of London and Manchester.

The unfulfilled premonition to which Mr. W. T. Stead alludes in the chapter on "Premonitions and Second-sight" in his Christmas number, refers unquestionably to the advent of the new morning journal which he has elsewhere termed his "dream paper." The fact is, the editor of the *Review of Reviews* expected that in the early months of the present year his hopes would be realised. In the meantime he is not concerning himself very much in the matter, although his confidence remains unshaken that in the not distant future he will assume the control of a great daily paper, in all probability designated the *New Times*. Mr. E. H. Stout, Mr. Stead's assistant, has, by the way, effected considerable changes in the staff of the *Review* at Mowbray House.

The munificent offer of Mr. J. Passmore Edwards to provide in connection with Charing Cross Hospital a Convalescent Home with fifty beds entirely at his own expense, shows that some newspapers at all events still pay. Before the advent of the Carnegie-Storey syndicate the profits from the *Echo* amounted roughly to about £10,000 per annum. Since Mr. Edwards bought the paper back competition has been much keener, but the *Echo* holds its ground. Then Mr. Edwards owns the *Weekly Times and Echo*, the *English Mechanic*, and the *Building News*, all, and especially the last, excellent paying properties. He recently sold the evening and weekly papers which he owned at Southampton.

There is talk of still another competitor to the *Strand Magazine*. But though in this case the size is to be about the same (minus perhaps a few pages), the price is to be a penny. Nor is it to be lacking in quality; it is to be bright with washed drawings, to be on rolled paper, and to contain tales, articles, etc., by writers of repute. The name of the speculator is not divulged, but he is said to be a man of money and resource. Numbers, of course, and the advertisements are depended upon for payment.

All the periodical publications of Messrs. Harper are said to pay a minimum rate of £2 per thousand words. Ten shillings per thousand words is the rate of the most popular English magazine of stories. The editor of their *Young People*, Mr. A. B. Starcy, is an Oxford man, and has occupied his present position more than five years.

Mr. Edgar W. Howe, author of 'The Story of a Country Town,' is editor of the *Atchison Daily Globe*, which he established himself some fourteen years ago. He has just published a semi-religious novel, to be entitled 'The Confession of John Whitelock, Late Preacher of the Gospel.'

An enterprising Methodist Episcopal parson, the Rev. W. R. Kiefer, of Belvidere, Jersey, has started a Sunday paper, which he endeavoured to have sold at the doors of his church. His elders objected, and the pastor angrily replied that if he got a decent salary from them, he would not be compelled to go outside for a living. An attempt is being made to have him expelled.

Negro journalists are slowly—very slowly—making their way into the offices of the great American newspapers.

Some good illustrations of newspaper slips appear in an American contemporary. In a certain prominent daily a tragic item began thus: "Our readers will be shocked to learn that a fatal accident occurred at a late hour last evening, which will probably cause the death of the victim."

Perhaps this extract from the announcement of a death will make a good rhetorical conclusion: "A good woman is dead. The philanthropic and Christian humanitarian, the wife of the Hon. —— ——, is no more. At the dread hour of midnight her pure soul was ferried over the river Styx to receive the reward of her labours."

With us in England success is a strong reason for a continuance of existence. Not so in France, apparently. *Le Livre Moderne*, a magazine which for the last two years has devoted itself to the service of bibliophilists, has, we are told, come to an end now, only that it might never know what weakness meant, nor its editor come under the insidious influence of long-assured success.

And this is part of a system, it would appear. *Le Livre* died this Roman death in 1890, to force the struggle on its successor, *Le Livre Moderne*, which in its turn overcame all obstacles, and is now retiring in the flush of victory. The divinities that watch over periodicals loved it, so it died young. *Requiescat in juventute*, says the editor.

The new-comer, *L'Art et L'Idée*, a "review of literary dilettantism and curiosity," will appear at the end of January. It is to be like its parent in its tendency towards a literary elegance, which sometimes reaches to dandyism, but probably the artistic side will be more prominent. The editor will be, as before, M. Octave Uzanne.

Continental.

M. Renan has written a continuation to his 'Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse,' under the name of 'Pages Détachées.' Les Frères Lévy réunis are the publishers.

Ollendorff announces a new novel of M. Guy de Maupassant, 'L'Angelus.' The scene is laid during the war of 1870.

The continuation of Edmond de Goncourt's 'Journal' and some more of Flaubert's letters are promised by Charpentier, who has also in hand a new work by M. Zola, called 'La Débâcle.' This title has been graciously presented to the novelist by its inventor, M. Claretie, who had chosen it for a volume of stories. Zola then has his reward for his sacrifice of that cherished name 'Bouvard,' which he heroically gave up at Flaubert's request.

M. Bourget's new book is called 'Terre Promise.'

M. Paul Verlaine, the modern Villon, has two works in the press, 'Mes Hôpitaux,' in prose, and 'Chansons pour elle,' in verse.

A Year Book of all the universities in the world has been published by Trübner of Strasburg. It contains statistics and news of over a hundred and eighty universities and colleges, from Aberdeen and Aberystwith to Zaragossa and Zurich.

Larousse will publish this month a book which promises to be amusing, 'Richard Wagner en Caricature.' The caricatures will be a hundred in number—French, German, Austrian, and English. The collector is M. Grand-Carteret.

An article in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "The Great Talkers of the French Revolution," founded by Mr. Davenport Adams on M. Victor du Bled's book, 'Les Grands Causeurs,' having attracted the attention of M. du Bled, he has written to say that, five years ago, he undertook to write a History of French Society in the eighteenth century, and the first volume is 'Les Grands Causeurs,' which Mr. Davenport Adams has just analysed. The second, 'Le Prince de Ligne et Ses Contemporains,' and the third, 'Orateurs et Tribuns,' are both published, and a fourth, 'La Société Française avant et après 1789,' is just ready. These will be followed by 'La Comédie de Salon au Siècle dernier,' 'La Société Française pendant l'Emigration,' 'La Société Française sous le Directoire,' and 'La Société Française sous Napoléon,' all of which will appear in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. When completed, M. Victor du Bled's series of volumes will supply an exceedingly bright and comprehensive picture of one of the most interesting periods in the social history of France.

One of the most interesting of the 'Grands Ecrivains Français' series is the volume devoted to Stendhal (Henri Beyle), by M. Rod. Stendhal is one of the few authors who continue to have factions for and against them even long after their death, and "beylistes" and "anti-beylistes" still scorn each other. M. Rod is nearly neutral, but appreciative enough to have made a highly inte resting study of the author of the 'Chartreuse de Parme.'

It serves to mark the different stages which England and Germany have respectively reached in their social conditions that a new German translation of 'Alton Locke' has been hailed as a novel exactly fitted to the hour.

An important contribution to the political history of modern Germany, from 1811 to 1885, is the recently published life of Max Duncker by Haym. Chiefly by the aid of Frau Duncker a large amount of interesting material was collected for the biography, and the result is a very vivid picture of an interesting personality, in his time bookseller, journalist, member of Parliament, scholar, and historian.

A new edition of Wilhelm Müller's poems, with introduction and notes by his son, Professor Max Müller, is announced by Brockhaus, of Leipsic. The firm is also bringing out the ninth edition of Max Müller's 'Deutsche Liebe.'

A new book series, hailing from Germany, bears the name of "Lichtstrahlen." The volumes in the series will contain passages from authors, German and foreign, who have spoken high truths—in a manner convenient for selection—with biographies and notes. Among the orbs from which these "rays of light" will proceed, are Goethe, Börne (Heine's foe), Fichte, Lichtenberg, Moses Mendelssohn, Lessing, Kant, and Shakespere.

The whole of Susemihl's History of Greek Literature in the Alexandrian period (Leipsic: Teubner), the first volume of which appeared some time ago, is promised within the year. The work covers a ground which has been insufficiently dealt with up till now, and will probably take its place as the standard book of reference on the subject. Herr Susemihl has had the help of specialists in the sections treating of the literature of such subjects as medicine and agriculture.

George Ebers, the author of 'Warda,' 'Klea and Irene,' and other stories, is writing a new novel for the *Deutsche Verlagsanstalts*, in Stuttgart.

Señor Castelar, the Spanish democrat, seems to work as hard at literature as any Grub-street hack. He has three new volumes in hand just now, a monograph on Columbus for the anniversary of the discovery of America, a work on the principal orators of Spain, and another on the cathedral architecture of the world.

Early next year a new novel by Couperus will appear in the *Gids*, one of the most widely-read magazines in Holland. Couperus is a young Dutch author whose work is known to readers in this country through English translations of 'Eline Vere' and 'Fate.'

'Englisch-Niederlandsche Unions bestrebüngen im Zeitalter Cromwells,' a book by Gempachi Mitsukuri, Dr. Phil. of Rigakuski, Japan, which deals with the relations of Cromwell with the Netherlands, has been very favourably received by the Dutch critics.

In the enthusiasm raised by the production of 'Cavalleria Rusticana' there was very little heard of the author of the drama from which the libretto was taken. Yet Signor Verga is a man of remarkable power, and probably destined to be a great force in Italian literature. A Sicilian by birth, he began his career as a *feuilletonist*, writing a considerable number of novels dealing with luxurious modern society. It is recently that he has turned to humble rustic life for his inspiration, and he has not painted it as an Arcadia, but, on the contrary, with a terrible realism. One of his rustic novels, 'Vita dei Campi,' he produced in dramatic form in 1884, and it was from it Mascagni's librettists took their text.

Folk-lorists should welcome the appearance at Naples of a new and scholarly edition of Basile, the first volume of which has already appeared. Though they may not know the Neapolitan dialect, the research and care which have gone to the preparation of the notes to this edition may before long reach them in their own tongue. The 'Pentamerone' or 'Lo canto de li canti' of Basile has too often been stated as the source of Perrault, D'Aulnoy, and the later fairy writers. This is not correct. At least they did no more than dip their hands in his sack amongst others.

But Basile is interesting on his own account. He is a rare story-teller, with a distinct personality, a wonderful power of imagery, and his sources are still clad in much mystery. He has been much neglected even in Italy. There is no modern French translation, we believe. An incomplete English one, by Taylor, appeared about forty years ago. Most readers out of Italy have had to turn to Liebrecht's German version in Grimm's collection.

As if for a supplement to the above, Dr. Ria has written a monograph on Straparola—to whom Basile is an evident debtor—and he is also editing the text of his 'Piacevoli Notti.'

The literary remains of great artists have been the object of much research lately. Leonardo's numerous documents were recently given to the world. Now the poems and letters, most of them never before published, of Salvator Rosa, with a life of the painter from new sources, are being arranged for publication by the Royal Academy of Naples. An edition of Benvenuto Cellini's poems, too, has lately been issued; but they are fated to take rank very far below the splendid prose of his famous autobiography.

The Roumanian Folk Songs collected by Madame Vacaresco, and which in their English garb have received a hearty welcome in this country, have been translated into German by Carmen Sylva, and into Italian by the Countess Anna Miliani Vallemani.

American.

Mr. George William Curtis, of *Harper's Magazine*, has conducted for thirty years the services at a little Unitarian church near his home on Staten Island. He reads a selected sermon. Mr. George W. Cable, the author of 'Old Creole Days,' is also an active preacher and Sunday-school worker.

James Whitcomb Riley, the author of that charming volume, 'Old-fashioned Roses,' has written a "poetic drama," which will make its first appearance as a book. Mr. Riley recently paid a short visit to London.

Nearly a year ago Mr. Lowell proposed to collect a volume comprising essays not included in the Riverside edition of his works. It was to contain papers on Milton, Gray, and Landor of the same character as the essays on Dante and Chaucer in his earlier volume; the critical and biographical sketch of Keats which prefaced the poems of Keats in an American issue of the 'British Poets'; the paper on Walton which was printed in an American edition of 'The Compleat Angler,' and an address read before the Modern Language Association. Mr. Lowell's health did not permit him to bring out this book as he purposed, but now his friend and literary executor, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, is preparing it for the press, and it will appear this season.

Mrs. Jane G. Austin, whose stories about the Pilgrims and their life at Plymouth, 'Standish of Standish,' 'A Nameless Nobleman,' and 'Dr. Le Baron and his Daughters,' are very popular in America, has written a new story called 'Betty Alden,' which will shortly be published in England.

Mr. Henry James will shortly contribute to the *Atlantic Monthly* some reminiscences of James Russell Lowell.

Miscellaneous.

In an unpublished letter of Lord Byron, for sale at Pearson's the other day, there is a passage that goes far to account for the little effect that want of success has on the number and the persistence of bookmakers. The law of supply and demand has evidently nothing to do with them. "Every publication of mine," he says, "has latterly failed. I am not discouraged by this, because writing and composition are habits of my mind, with which success or publication are objects of remoter reference, not *causes* but *effects*, like those of any other pursuit. . . . I continue to compose for the same reason that I ride or read or bathe or travel—it is a habit." In the mouth of a lord this sounds like aristocratic superiority, but then he shares the "habit" more especially with the humblest of his fellow scribblers.

At the same sale appeared a letter of George Eliot, in which she says, "Let us hope there is an Olympus for forgotten authors." Writers of satires and tragedies, there is a subject ready to your hand.

A correspondent reminds us of the following passage from Carlyle's Essay on Characteristics, *apropos* of a paragraph on page 53 of THE BOOKMAN:—"Far be it from me to disparage our own craft, whereby we have our living! Only we must note these things: that Reviewing spreads with strange vigour: that such a man as Byron reckons the reviewer and the poet equal: that at the last Leipzig Fair there was advertised a Review of Reviews. By-and-by it will be found that all Literature has become one boundless self-devouring Review: and as in London routs, we have to *do* nothing, but only to *see* others do nothing,—thus does Literature also, like a sick thing, superabundantly 'listen to itself.'"

The following story of Disraeli occurs in a provincial newspaper of date 1851. A well-known novelist of the period asked Mr. Disraeli whether he did not after all think that he would pass a happier life, and at the same time achieve more real fame, as a writer than as a politician? "Perhaps so, perhaps so," is said to have been the reply, "but I must and will have three years' power."

When a full life of Elizabeth Barrett Browning is written, much use will be made of Miss Mitford's innumerable references. All Miss Mitford's statements have to be used with caution. They are lamentably inexact. But some anecdotes published in the lifetime of both ladies may be taken as correct. One is that Miss Barrett, prostrated by her brother's death, and confined to a house in Torquay at the bottom of the cliffs, where through a whole winter the sound of the waves rang in her ears like the moans of one dying, found her chief solace in Greek. Her friendly physician, Dr. Barry, did not understand this, and to prevent his remonstrances, she caused a small edition of Plato to be bound so as to resemble a novel. Miss Mitford says that in the summer of 1851 she had the "exquisite pleasure of seeing her once more in London with a lovely boy at her knee, almost as well as ever, and telling tales of Italian rambles, of losing herself in chestnut forests, and scrambling on mule-back up the sources of extinct volcanoes."

A forgotten book perhaps worth reviving is *Wynville* (1852). It is a good specimen of the political novel, and introduces Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, the late Sir James Mackintosh, and others, who are made to talk very freely. It was written by a Mr. Madden, author of a book on 'The Age of Pitt and Fox,' and once known to some as the "Macaulay of Ireland"!

ORATIO SCHOLASTICA.

(WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND ON HIS RECEPTION INTO THE ORATORY.)

Creating Word! before whose eye
The map of nature lies unrolled,
From primal fact to mystery
Who dost the net of law unfold,
Let me some coarser meshes hold,
And for the whole on Thee rely.

All-seeing Word! no dusky pall
Of error dims Thine insight clear;
As cobweb fetters, vast or small,
Our subtlest doubts to Thee appear:
Hold my rash footsteps if I near
The rocks, and snatch me as I fall.

All-quickening Word! Thy perfect lore
Doth through our sordid systems burn,
Like flames that lap the rugged ore
And all to golden treasure turn:
Wouldst Thou but teach—could I but learn
To gather, purge, and use my store!

Harmonious Word! whose fingers prove
The organ of humanity,
All keys of wisdom, zeal and love
Blending in perfect symphony:
Give me Thy master-touch, that I
Some minstrel-souls to praise may move.

Effulgent Word! whose twilight dawn
Is all I know, ah! when for me
Thy midmost fires—Thy beams unshorn—
Truth's central sun—Thyself—to see?
O Dawn! O Sun! to Thee, to Thee
I flutter through the misty morn.

Y. Y. 1878.

THE CARLYLES AND A SEGMENT OF THEIR CIRCLE:

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS.

CHAPTER III.

A New Subject—William the Conqueror.—Second Edition of Cromwell—Carlyle's Theory of Government—Organisation of Literature.

HIS book on Cromwell finished, Carlyle found himself for the first time during many years without occupation. The *dolce far niente* of ordinary workers was never a boon to him, and he longed to be in harness again. Mr. Froude hints that a life of Frederick the Great was already suggesting itself to him. My impression was a very different one. From Carlyle's conversation at this time, I inferred that he was looking for a theme to the England of the eleventh century rather than to the Germany of the eighteenth, and that William the Conqueror, not Frederick the Great, was to be his new hero. He came with his brother John to the Library of the British Museum, and carefully inspected there the engraved reproduction of the Bayeux Tapestry, chapters of Anglo-Norman history in needlework, once thought to have been the handiwork of Matilda, the Conqueror's spouse, and undoubtedly that of a contemporary of the Conquest. In the rude but genuine delineations of successive scenes and events, from Harold taking leave of the Confessor before starting for Normandy, onward to the fierce *mêlée* of Saxons and Normans at the battle of Hastings, there was exactly that visuality in which Carlyle delighted. The quaint antique panorama would have furnished him with many a picturesque touch had he undertaken the task towards which his thoughts seemed to be tending, and which has since been performed by other and very different hands. He had long been impressed by the gigantic figure of the Conqueror looming through the mist of ages, and, as he thought, greatly distorted by the prepossessions and prejudices of modern historians. To begin with, under Harold, Carlyle thought, England would have lapsed into hopeless anarchy. The rebellion of Harold's own brother Tostig, supported by a Danish invasion, prefigured in all likelihood a series of rebellions and invasions by which England would have been harassed and harried but for the Norman Conquest. In the rule of the Conqueror Carlyle saw a great deal more than the ruthlessness with which it was established, and he looked on William and his Normans as the true makers of the greatness of England. His keen interest in the Conqueror and the Conquest had apparently been first aroused by Thierry's well-known History. Carlyle could not believe that the England fashioned by William was the result of nothing better than the Norman cruelty and rapacity with pictures of which Thierry's pages teemed. Such a notion was entirely false, and had produced, he thought, practically mischievous conceptions of the course of human affairs. I heard him maintain in all seriousness that the acceptance of Thierry's theory of the Norman Conquest had contributed to produce the cruelties then recently perpetrated by the French in Algeria. In the very year of the issue of Carlyle's Cromwell there had been a general outburst of indignation in England at the tidings of a terrible Algerian atrocity. A body of Arab fugitives had taken refuge in a cavern, and refused to surrender to their French pursuers. A fire of faggots was lighted at the entrance of the cavern, and when at last the French troops entered it, they found the corpses of some 500 Arabs who had been suffocated. The French officer in command was the Colonel Pelissier who became twenty years later commander-in-chief of the French army before Sebastopol. Afterwards as Marshal Duke of Malakhoff, and created a British G.C.B., he figured as French ambassador in London.

Whatever Carlyle's intentions in regard to William the Conqueror—the study of whose history he resumed subsequently—he was suddenly summoned to complete a familiar task. Only a few months after the issue of Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, a second edition was demanded. During the interval, so great had been the interest generally taken in the contents of the book, many unpublished letters of Cromwell's and documents relating to him were disinterred from private repositories throughout the country and forwarded to his zealous biographer. Among the contributors was the then Duke of Manchester, whose ancestor, an Earl of Manchester, was one of the Parliament's Generals early in the Civil War, having at one time for his Lieutenant-General Cromwell himself, who, however, got rid of him, through the famous self-denying ordinance, as suspected of

lukewarmness in the cause. The Duke found among the Kimbolton papers unpublished letters of Cromwell, and not caring to entrust them to the post, brought them on foot to Chelsea, and delivered them to the servant as if he were any ordinary messenger. I know not whether it was the disclosure of his Grace's rank that led, or helped to lead, the handmaiden of the Chelsea household to an inference tentatively communicated by her to her mistress, whom it amused, and who reported it with a certain satisfaction. One day, in an interval of business, she looked at Mrs. Carlyle, and said in a tone of interrogation, "Master, ma'am, is the cleverest man as is?" the reply of her mistress being, "We fondly hope so." However this may have been, all letters undoubtedly Cromwell's were welcomed by Carlyle, and with elucidations wherever needful, were duly inserted in the new edition, while with a conscientious thoughtfulness too rare among successful editors, he printed the new letters and elucidations in a detached supplement for the benefit of possessors of the first edition.

The labour required for an artistic fusion of the new matter with the old was considerable, but to Carlyle it was a labour of love. The demand for a second edition of one of his more considerable works so soon after the appearance of the first, was unique in his experience. He prized his success no doubt for its own sake, but also because he attached great importance to his countrymen's adoption of his estimate of Cromwell. Once more his conversation, or his monologues, turned much on Cromwell, who for a long time coloured his thoughts and waking dreams. I can see him now, in an old brown dressing-gown, seated on a footstool on the hearth-rug, close to the fire-place in the little parlour, sending most deftly up the chimney whiffs from a long clay pipe, so that the room might not be odorous of tobacco-smoke. I can hear him between the whiffs, which served as commas and colons, pouring forth, in the strongest possible of Scotch accents, an oral Latter-day pamphlet, contrasting Cromwell and his Puritans with contemporary English politicians and the multitudes whom they were leading by the nose to the abyss. I see Mrs. Carlyle, with head bent and one hand covering her face, listening in silence. She had heard it all so often before, poor lady, and knew how little would come of it. I can hear her, when Carlyle's denunciations of the present became terribly fierce, make the considerate appeal, "Don't be angry with Mr. So-and-So; he is not to blame," or, before the pipe had been substituted for the tea-cup, "My dear, your tea is getting quite cold; that is the way with reformers." Then perhaps the wild tempest of words would cease, and the Latter-day prophet break out into a hearty laugh at his own vehemence.

Carlyle's theory of government was, as all the world knows, that in an age and country like ours the wisest man should rule. If you asked how the wisest was to be discovered, he replied that first of all we had to recognise the necessity for the supremacy of wisdom, together with the utter futility of our present method of choosing our governors by counting votes at the polling-booth. Once, when I ventured to hint that even were the wisest man discovered and chosen to rule over us he would not be immortal, and there might be "a difficulty about the succession," Carlyle replied in rather an irate tone, "That is the sort of twaddle that used to be poured into me when I was young," and proceeded to speak of the good government enjoyed by the world under the five great Roman Emperors of whom Nerva was the first and Marcus Aurelius the last, and who succeeded each other by adoption. Yet Marcus Aurelius, to say nothing of his persecution of the Christians, appointed as his successor his vile son Commodus, and Carlyle had no great opinion of the "wisdom" embodied in the Meditations of the contemplative Emperor, though they furnished him with one of the epigraphs of his history of the French Revolution. On quite another occasion, when I spoke of the stoical grandeur of the Meditations, he cut me short with the contemptuous remark that "the unreading Germans came in and put an end to all that sentimentality." In truth, it was this very matter of the succession which proved to be the weakness of the Protectorate system instituted by Cromwell and his officers. In the latest form of the Protectoral constitution, Cromwell, was authorised to nominate his successor. It is not certain, but it is probable, that he nominated the incapable Richard, who did succeed him, and wrecked the Protectorate. In his book, following a tradition, Carlyle suggested that Fleetwood, Cromwell's son-in-law, was nominated his successor in "the sealed piece of paper" in which Cromwell is supposed to have named one, and which could not be found when searched for at Hampton Court when Cromwell was dying. In conversation, Carlyle said that if Cromwell had nominated as his successor his capable younger son, Henry, who was governing Ireland for him when he died, the Protectorate might have been firmly established, and thus the pernicious restoration of the Stuarts been averted. Carlyle's opinion, of some ten years afterwards, on the interesting point is given in his unpublished pencil jottings on the proof-sheets of an article on the Civil War and Cromwell, contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1856, by his friend the late well-known John Forster. Forster sent the proof to Carlyle for corrections or suggestions, and Carlyle's comments pencilled on its margin, though few, are for the most part strikingly characteristic. The ground-work of Forster's article was Guizot's 'Histoire de la République d'Angleterre, et de Cromwell' (1854), a continuation of his former work, which closed with the execution of Charles I., and which Carlyle had praised in *his* Cromwell. The continuation came down to the death of Cromwell, and contained some really curious matter taken from the unpublished despatches of French ambassadors in England during the Commonwealth. But in the interval Louis Philippe had fallen, and his Prime Minister had become, for Carlyle, "Sophist Guizot." More than once in these jottings Carlyle calls Guizot a "galvanised dead dog," pronouncing him incapable of understanding such a man as Cromwell, and calling his later book—in which Cromwell's religious fervour was represented as tempered by state-craft—"a dirty French pamphlet." Forster having quoted a passage in which Guizot spoke of the Protector as desirous of founding a dynasty, Carlyle thus retorts on the fallen French statesman: "It is false that he ever wanted to found a dynasty. His notion was (and that very loose) a dynasty like the Hebrew Judges." If Cromwell, in however "loose" a fashion, did entertain such a notion, what a comment on it was the "Glorious Restoration"!

For the time being Carlyle was satisfied that he had done enough in the way of rehabilitating Cromwell, and was dis-

posed to leave it to others to fill up his outline of the great English revolution of the seventeenth century. To aid those who might come after him, he bethought him of a little project suggested by his own experience. While editing and elucidating Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, he had consulted, and guided others to consult for him, the vast mass of so-called King's Pamphlets, in number between thirty and forty thousand, in the library of the British Museum. They covered the period between the meeting of the Long Parliament and the Restoration. The collector of them had purchased day by day and week by week whatever issued from the printing-press—newspapers, political pamphlets, sermons, plays, poems and pasquinades. He had also formed a rough manuscript catalogue of them in several volumes (they still repose on one of the shelves of the Museum Reading Room), the titles being arranged in the chronological order of the issue of the publications themselves, of all arrangements the most useful for the serious historian. Carlyle thought that much of the unknown history of the eventful period lay buried in this mass of so-called pamphlets, and if extricated from it would be an invaluable aid towards the composition of a true Cromwelliad. The first step to be taken was to have the old manuscript catalogue printed, so that whoever wished to explore the collection would have before him a guide to and synopsis of its contents. I heard him say, with his usual emphasis, that the mere titles, often very quaint, of those old pamphlets would be more amusing than most of the books issued in our day and generation. Accordingly he drew up a memorial, addressed to the Trustees, the governing body, of the British Museum, strongly urging them to have that catalogue printed. He showed me the memorial, which has never been published, and which perhaps is still preserved somewhere in the Museum archives. I recollect little of it beyond its general purport. He indicated that a Cromwelliad worthy of its subject would in time be worked out by "the genius of the English people." He affirmed that the England of the Civil War and Commonwealth times might be restored to life by a proper exploration of the King's pamphlets, and he added, I remember, "even the age of Elizabeth is irrecoverable." He said something at the close about "the Michelets and Mignets" being entrusted with the care of the French national archives, by way, I suppose, of hinting that they managed these things better in France than in England. He told me at the time that to procure support for his memorial he called on "old Hallam," the historian, who was one of the Trustees of the Museum. Neither from him nor from any one else did Carlyle receive the slightest encouragement, and his proposal fell to the ground. Some time afterwards, when he was again at leisure, I heard him talk, though rather vaguely, of forming a company of "a few faithful men," to conduct under his guidance an exploration of those pamphlets and of other neglected materials for the history of the Civil War and the Commonwealth, above all of Cromwell's Protectorate. He lamented often the talent, undirected and misdirected, which was wasted on current literature, too frequently little better, he thought, than "intellectual prostitution," men "blazing themselves out in newspapers," as he phrased it, who under proper guidance might produce something noble, or at least contribute to its production. To that "organisation of literature" which he sometimes dreamt of, and which he desiderated above all things, the execution of this project of his might have been a contribution, small in itself, but important as a beginning. It never came to anything; perhaps the "few faithful men" were not forthcoming. The most original and interesting of all Carlyle's schemes of reconstruction in an age of revolution, the organisation of literature, remains a dream which can be realised only in a very distant future. Φ

THE STATE RECOGNITION OF AUTHORS.

IN the recent controversy between Mr. Besant and the *Spectator* as to the desirability of titles and distinctions being conferred by the State on eminent men of letters, the voices of those most directly interested in the matter, with the exception of Mr. Besant, have not been heard. For this reason we requested a few distinguished literary and scientific men to express their opinions on the subject. The inquiry was based on the following extracts from the *Author*, Oct., 1891, which we chose as fairly representative of Mr. Besant's contention:—

"Now for all these branches [*i.e.*, medicine, architecture, painting, literature, music, acting, sculpture, science, teaching]—for every noble calling—I claim the right of national recognition, in whatever way the nation can or does exercise that recognition. Especially I claim it for literature, because of all noble callings it is the one which has been the least recognised. . . . I want [for literature] whatever honours the State has to bestow—the very highest. . . . In whatever way the State chooses to recognise great services, it is bound in that way to recognise a great poet. . . . Not that writers will do better work, but that the world will begin to think more highly of its writers, and will begin to value their work more, and will be influenced more readily by them when it sees that they are recognised by the State."

The following replies have been received:—

SIR,—I find it by no means easy to weigh the advantages against the disadvantages of bestowing on men distinguished in science and literature the same honours, orders, and titles which are now bestowed by the Sovereign, on the advice of the Ministers, on civil servants, military officers, Colonials, old Indians, medical men, painters, aldermen, and *nouveaux riches*. The immense number of titles and decorations bestowed by foreign governments on all sorts of people, and on literary and scientific men among the rest, has certainly exercised a bad and demoralising influence. A few *causes célèbres* in France and Prussia have lately shown what corrupt influences are at work to secure such distinctions, but the mischief is far greater than appears on the surface. How is even the most conscientious Sovereign to know who is the greatest Sanskritist, or Bacteriologist, or Essayist, or Folk-lorist, except from courtiers or journalistic logrollers, who infest the back-stairs of palaces or the back-stairs of newspaper offices—and I wonder which stairs are the dirtier of the two. And yet it seems a disgrace to any country not to recognise literary and scientific merit, when every other kind of merit receives recognition from the Sovereign.

I know of one way only out of all difficulties that beset the giving of orders and titles. The *Order pour le Mérite* in literature and science is the most valued distinction in Germany. Bismarck, who had all other orders, did not obtain the *Order pour le Mérite*. Moltke was proud to wear it. It was founded by Frederick the Great, but the election of the knights rests entirely with the knights themselves. No one can be a candidate, no canvassing is possible. The number of actual knights is limited to twenty for science and ten for art for the whole of Germany. No addition can be made to that number. When a vacancy occurs, a new knight is chosen by those who are his peers, and the Sovereign simply confirms their choice and bestows the insignia on the new knight. There are also foreign members, but they are elected not by the knights, but by the members of the Prussian Academy.

There is one other order of the same kind, the Maximilian Order in Bavaria, but the number of knights is fifty, and I believe the King occasionally claims a certain influence in the elections. Men of science in Germany who will wear no other decoration, wear the *Order pour le Mérite* and the Order of Maximilian. Macaulay, after he had been made a Peer, called the *Order pour le Mérite* his highest distinction. Carlyle accepted it, after having declined the Grand Cross of the Bath. The Queen has given permission once for all that it should be worn at the Court of St. James'.

Something of the same kind might be tried in England. The difficulty would be how to select the first twenty knights. Their lives ought to be immediately insured.

Another coveted distinction for men of literature and science in Germany and France is to be elected member of a Royal Academy. In this case also the number of Academicians is strictly limited, and no payment exacted from its members. On the contrary, they generally receive a small honorarium. The Royal Society, if reformed in that sense, might easily occupy the same position in England which the *Institut* occupies in France, and the Royal Academies in the different states of Germany. F. MAX MÜLLER.

SIR,—I have little right to express an opinion as to the bestowal of honours by the State on literary men. One side only of the argument—that of "the author"—is known to me. Regarding as I do the efforts of Mr. Besant to establish just relations between authors and publishers as most righteous and praiseworthy, it is with regret that, in the present controversy, I cannot, without misgiving, range myself on his side.

In the desire and effort to obtain such honours, is it not to be feared that, as matters now stand, the pushing and plausible man, with a smooth tongue and a thick skin, would, in too many cases, have the advantage over the more retiring man of real merit?

While, moreover, on the part of the public, there would be the danger of taking the symbol for the reality, on the part of the author the purer ideal might run the risk of being supplanted by, or mixed up with, aspirations of an inferior kind.—Your obedient servant, JOHN TYNDALL.

Hind Head, November 10th.

SIR,—I have to acknowledge your letter of the 8th inst., but the subject of it is one on which I am rather at a loss for the means of forming an opinion, as I have not read the discussion between Mr. Besant and the *Spectator*.

My impression (I give it you for what it is worth, since I have not followed the discussion) is, that our *great* literary men, *great* poets in particular, are among the foremost and most prominent lights of the world, and benefactors of mankind; worthy, therefore, beyond question, of all honour. But their greatest honour is the power they exercise over the minds of men, and the *monumentum ære perennius* which they erect to themselves. When titular or other dignities are conferred, in recognition of their merits, upon such men as Lord Tennyson, Lord Macaulay, and Sir Walter Scott, it is they who do honour to the dignity, rather than the dignity to them. I doubt whether it is not a little *infra dig.* to complain that *more* honours of this sort ought to be conferred, and upon all sorts of literary eminence; nor am I sure that (if they were) the really great would always be well discriminated from the merely successful. It requires time to set the true stamp upon literary greatness; and there are rewards of another sort, which successful men in every popular branch of literature (even when they do not rise to absolute greatness) have abundantly before them; while, on the other hand, in lines of work which are less popular, reputations are not so easily made, nor so sure to be understood and recognised while an author lives.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

Blackmoor, Petersfield, SELBORNE.
November 14th, 1891.

SIR,—I daresay it would be very interesting that literature should be honoured by the State. But I don't see how it could be satisfactorily done. The highest flights of the pen are often, indeed mostly, the excursions and revelations of souls unreconciled to life; while the natural tendency of a government would be to encourage acquiescence in life as it is. However, I have not thought much about the matter. THOMAS HARDY.

DEAR SIR,—I have been out of England during the last weeks, and have not seen the discussion you refer to between Mr. Besant and the *Spectator*, so I can give no opinion about it. My own leaning is towards a literature moving quite independently of Government favour, and if honorary distinctions come, I hardly think it is for literary men to take the initiative in asking for them.

I think the higher literature in England meets with a very adequate social recognition, but it is exceedingly underpaid, judging by the standard of the emoluments earned by equal ability and labour in other fields.—Yours faithfully,

38, *Onslow Gardens, S.W.*, WALTER LECKY.
November 17th, 1891.

One of the most eminent of English men of letters, while not wishing to take part in any controversy on the subject, says personally he is opposed to literary distinctions that are not of official service, and asks who in England is to decide upon the merits of literary men while they are living. He thinks it is a nobler distinction for them to be the one branch of the public body exempt from titles.

Mr. Froude does not see his way to express an opinion on the subject.

REMINISCENCES OF MR. JOHN MORLEY.

WHEN chronicling last month the death of the Rev. Frederick Arnold we gave a list of his works, the latest of which was his 'Reminiscences of a Literary and Clerical Life.' Partly perhaps from its semi-anonymity—there was no author's name on the title-page, and only the initials "F. A." at the end of the preface—it attracted little attention, although along with much garrulous egotism it contained here and there some pleasant gossip about other people. For instance, there are interesting notices of the academic and early literary career of Mr. John Morley, whom Mr. Arnold first knew at Lincoln College, Oxford, and befriended when he took to authorship as a profession. Mr. Morley early lost his father, who was a surgeon at Blackburn. "He was very young," Mr. Arnold says, "when he came up to Lincoln from Cheltenham College, and we used to wonder whether such cleverness could last. He has disappointed some hopes, for at one time there appeared a probability of his taking orders"—an intimation which may well surprise those who have read his biographies of Voltaire, Diderot, and Rousseau. It does not even appear that his renunciation of a clerical career arose from scepticism. "I believe," Mr. Arnold says, "that the great reason why he did not take holy orders was that he graduated so early that he would have some years to wait before he could do so, and in those years he drifted entirely into literature." We are not told that Mr. Morley distinguished himself in any way at Oxford. "He spent a good deal of time at the Union," where he spoke pretty frequently, "but not," according to Mr. Arnold, "with conspicuous success. His matter was always good, but he was inornate and ineloquent." On leaving Oxford, he had a long struggle in London as a man of letters. Mr. Arnold, who then combined literature and clericalism, gives a curious instance of the aid which he afforded to his former college friend during his earlier life in London. The Rev. Henry Christmas projected a work on the Archbishops of Canterbury. He engaged Mr. Arnold to write some portions of it, and "I tired at the work and handed it over to Morley, who did something at it"—rather a strange employment for such a pen. Ultimately the production of the work devolved on Dr. Hook. On becoming editor of the then declining *Literary Gazette*, Mr. Arnold placed Mr. Morley on his staff, and he bears testimony to the conscientiousness and commendable diligence of his friend and assistant. "Morley and I," he adds, "at this time combined some tutorial work with literature. He took a mastership at a well-known school at Charlton, in Kent, with the late Mr. Pritchett, who became Vicar, and oddly enough, a pupil which (*sic*) he had at Paris subsequently became a pupil of my own. It was during his residence in Paris that he chiefly acquired his remarkable insight into French literature." The next steps in Mr. Morley's varied career were his formation of a connection with the *Saturday Review* and his editorship of the expiring *Morning Star*, a Radical London newspaper which enjoyed the patronage of the late John Bright. It was doubtless owing to the acquaintance which he thus formed with Mr. Bright that he was once enabled to say to Mr. Arnold, "I confess I felt a little elated to-day when I walked arm-in-arm down Whitehall with a Cabinet Minister." Mr. Morley's subsequent political and literary career belongs to the category of "Things generally known."

THE WORK OF THOMAS HARDY.

By Professor Minto.

THERE is a tradition that *Far from the Madding Crowd* was distinguished from the throng of serial novels and made a mark for all eyes by being mistaken for the work of George Eliot. It began to appear in the *Cornhill* in January of 1874: a new novel was due from the hand of the great authoress, and the rumour ran that here she was experimenting on her reputation with an anonymous work. The *Spectator* was certain on the point: it knew the fine Roman hand, and was not to be taken in by the mere absence of a name. It is one of many instances of the danger of judging from internal evidence. And yet there was undoubtedly considerable ground for the mistake. With books, as with persons, we are often struck at first sight with resemblances which disappear upon closer acquaintance, and leave us wondering what we could have seen to identify. Now that Mr. Hardy is more completely known as the moral historian of Wessex, the exhaustive delineator of its types—milkmaid and noble dame, honest workman, visionary, and scapegrace—with his distinctive way of looking at life and exhibiting its problems and its matter for laughter and tears, we are surprised that any portion of his work should ever have been confounded with George Eliot's. He occupies his own separate place, and their common features can be picked out only by careful analysis.

But if we go back now and read the opening chapters of the story with which Mr. Hardy first caught the public ear, we can very well understand, even though we hold him to be the greater artist of the two, how this fragment might have been ascribed to the older writer, and how natural it was to suppose that here was an old favourite back on familiar ground instead of a young and vigorous rival. These opening chapters are really more like George Eliot's work than any other portion of Mr. Hardy's that could be selected. Farmer Oak, who meets us on the threshold, is not introduced in the grave spirit in which Mr. Hardy afterwards made us acquainted with the Reddleman and Giles Winterborne, to name but two of his other peasant lovers and heroes. Gabriel's fine wearing qualities become apparent by-and-by, but on his first appearance the outward man—his mouth from ear to ear, his vast roomy boots, his big turnip of a watch hauled from his fob like a bucket from a well, his elaborate toilet when he goes a-wooing—is drawn in a spirit of condescending ridicule, as by one who exhibits rustics and their clumsy, uncouth ways for the entertainment of superior persons. There is a touch or two in the portrait that reveals Mr. Hardy as we now know him, as the champion of rural character and the exponent of the noble heart that beats beneath the smock-frock, but these significant touches, significant when interpreted by the light of Mr. Hardy's subsequent writing, might easily escape observation on a first reading. The introductory sketch of Gabriel Oak as a whole is characteristic of George Eliot's treatment of peasant life as a butt for witty observation and sly humour. The portraiture of Bathsheba, too, seemed to

betray her handiwork: we remember that, while the author ship of the story was still a secret, there were some who maintained that the incident of Bathsheba on the top of the waggon-load unpacking the looking-glass could have been imagined only by a woman. It might have been remarked that George Eliot never had drawn a woman as Mr. Hardy draws Bathsheba, in whole-hearted admiration, without the least scratch of disparagement, without the faintest approach to a feline amenity. But this was not so likely to occur on a first impression. The learned cast of the diction and the vein of philosophic observation pointed in the same direction. Mr. Hardy's style can now be recognised as his own, and as one of the best in English fiction—unstrained, flexible, grave without being cumbrous, and even and steady in its logical movement, while glowing with colour when the occasion demands. He can command simple English, too, of the most perfect kind, as witness Marty South's reflections at the grave of Giles Winterborne, or Mr. Melbury's touching speech to Mrs. Charmond when he goes to that grand dame to plead his daughter's cause. But Mr. Hardy has always shared with George Eliot a strong predilection for scientific precision of description, couched in the most learned scientific language. Does he not, in his very latest story, make Tess the milkmaid's lover tell her that he lies on the periphery of the interests of his relatives, and does he not remark of Tess herself that his love encompassed her like a photosphere? This learned diction is peculiarly marked, as it happens, in the opening chapters of *Far from the Madding Crowd*.

There can be no doubt that the scientific colouring of Mr. Hardy's work has told considerably against his popularity. Considering the things that are said of him by the most competent judges, who unhesitatingly and unanimously give him a place in the very front rank of living novelists, one often speculates why it is that he is not more widely popular. Mention his name experimentally in a few companies of novel-readers, and you are sure to find one or two strong admirers, probably men of a literary turn; but for one admirer you will find five or six who have only just heard of him, or who have a vague recollection of the *Madding Crowd*, or the *Hand of Ethelberta*, or *The Woodlanders*. On the great public which is stirred and thrilled by Mr. Rider Haggard or Miss Braddon, and which is susceptible to the gentler charm of Mr. William Black, he has produced a comparatively faint impression. And there can be no doubt that part of the explanation of this is the very thing that commends him to readers of the more meditative sort, his studious knowledge of "the human document." Mr. Hardy is a pundit in affairs of the heart. Beneath the skin of the story-teller there is a psychologist. He studies feeling and conduct, affections and passions, as a naturalist, and with a naturalist's delight in what is strange and abnormal, out of the way, or in the way but not generally observed. He always has his curious problem in man or woman's conduct to solve, and he delights in solutions which are paradoxical but true to the fixed laws of human nature. He does not find affairs of the heart the simple things that they are to the ordinary mind. Complicated and trying situations attract him, and romantically conventional solutions are too easy to satisfy his intelligence.

Any deep-rooted tendency in a writer generally becomes more marked as he proceeds, and this tendency in Mr. Hardy is most marked of all in his *Group of Noble Dames*. They are in substance a collection of strange cases in the relations between woman and man. The interest lies in the situations rather than in the characters, in the situations and in the turns that the characters take under the pressure of the strange circumstances. The Noble Dames do not form a very attractive gallery in themselves; indeed, they are rather ordinary women, and therein lies the humour of it. They extricate themselves from their difficulties by unexpected recourse to normally feminine devices. The author unfolds the story of each of them in his easy, deliberate way with abundance of quiet humour, but the observer and theorist is uppermost. Each tale is a succession of paradoxes, and it is in these paradoxes and their explanation that the chief interest lies. The novelist seems always to be deliberately challenging comparison with the strange twists and perversities of character in real life. In the *Marchioness of Stonehenge*, for example, the Lady Caroline surprises us at every turn; that the high-born, accomplished, courted, flattered, and spoilt young lady should fall in love with the son of her father's steward, that she should marry him secretly, that she should show such energy in getting rid of his inconvenient dead body and afterwards disembarrassing herself of the consequences of their union, and that she should die of a broken heart when her disowned son refuses her the smallest share in his affection—each of these incidents is a little paradox of the heart, and the interest uppermost at the end is the question whether they are within the natural possibilities of that perverse organ. The substitute widow, also, gentle Milly, the woodman's daughter, supplies food for reflection on the strange ways of affection; her joyful acceptance of the false position, and the fierce fight she makes to keep it, are described *con amore*, as by one who delights in such curious psychological facts. If the business of the story-teller is to set us thinking by the artful exhibition of paradoxes, Mr. Hardy has certainly succeeded in his stories of Noble Dames. When we say that in them the psychologist, the observer and theorist of human nature, controls the story-teller, we do not mean that he bores us with formal dissertations on the motives of his characters. Mr. Hardy is far too much of an artist for that; he merely gives the facts and a hint of the character that reconciles them. We mean only that it is a problem that the story leaves with us, rather than an impression of beauty or nobleness, or a mere feeling of amusement.

Evidently Mr. Hardy's theory is not Pope's, that "most women have no characters at all." His women have very complex characters. And this volume of Noble Dames suggests another point, that Mr. Hardy seems to be deeply penetrated by the truth that woman is the weaker vessel, and in her frailty often has recourse to tortuous methods of self-defence. His ladies when put in embarrassing and trying positions, whether through their own fault or through a malicious conspiracy of circumstances, sometimes extricate themselves with a desperate unscrupulousness. The heroine of *Two on a Tower* perpetrates a very cruel wrong on the Bishop to put herself right with the world, and several of her sisters in this volume of short stories, when hard pressed by the world, take refuge in deceits or evasions that may be pardonable in view of their weakness and natural

dislike to martyrdom, but cannot be called praiseworthy. We cannot commend the Lady Icenway's willingness to furnish her noble husband with an heir, though Mr. Hardy enables us to see how she might have reconciled her method with her conscience, and exonerated herself from any charge of extreme wickedness. Fault has been found with him for trespassing on forbidden ground in relating some of the frailties of his noble dames. Far too much has been made of this; there is not the faintest trace of pruriency in his short stories, any more than in his long; but it must be admitted that he is at least as indelicate as the marriage service, and does insist upon the fact of maternity and the disagreeable complications to which it may give rise when the course of affairs does not run smooth, with a frankness that unfits one or two of his tales for reading in a mixed company. A more serious objection is that in these tales he occupies himself too exclusively with the weakness of the female heart. This gives the volume too much the air of a collection of monkish chronicles in disparagement of the sex. The most pleasant way in which Mr. Hardy could free himself from this imputation would be to produce a companion volume about Noble Dames, consisting solely of stories to their honour.

That Mr. Hardy can create the beautiful as well as philosophise upon the strange, he has given ample proof. He is emphatically an artist, a creator of beautiful and noble things, keenly alive to the humorous incongruities of life, but capable also of disentangling the heroic from the commonplace. Perhaps he is better at long stories than at short. His slow, elaborate method of building up a group of characters and tracing their simple interactions, articulating them to the scenery in which they move as if they were homogeneous parts of it, needs room for its satisfactory application. What he says of one of his country-bred characters, that he is slow in his motions generally, though capable at times of as mercurial a dash as the dweller in towns, who is more to the quick manner born and habituated, is true of himself. The inhabitants of Little Hintock and Egdon Heath, fully conceived and embodied in every lineament, take a better hold of our sympathies and our memories than his Noble Dames, and will probably live longer, as they deserve to do, in literature. Whether his reputation would have been wider if he had confined himself less closely to his well-known and well-loved Wessex, is a doubtful question. He is too great a master of his craft not to know within what limits his imagination works most prosperously. But though it is true that within the range of any one district there must always be sufficient variety of character, and sufficient variety of chance and change, to furnish stuff for an infinite variety of drama, tragic and comic, for the artist whose invention is equal to its possibilities, still restriction to a limited district must always produce a certain effect of monotony. The novelist seems to repeat himself, however much he may vary his plots. There really is nobody who can be accused of repetition with less justice than Mr. Hardy. He is not the slave of any formula, either in character or in incident. And as it is with the inner life that he mainly occupies himself, his Wessex, though geographically it can be contained in a small map, is spiritually as wide as human nature. Still, when a novelist keeps to the same social *milieu*, he cannot avoid producing a certain sameness of impression. He cannot have the dazzling variety of a Kipling, who can pick and choose character and incident from two continents and a dozen nationalities. Wessex must necessarily be more limited in the outward form, at least of its types. And the novelist who works within a limited field must accept another inevitable consequence, that there are large bodies of readers to whom the very material that he works on is radically uninteresting. It may be true that in sequestered spots such as he loves to describe "from time to time, no less than in other places, dramas of a grandeur and unity truly Sophoclean are enacted in the real, by virtue of the concentrated passions and closely knit independence of the lives therein." Still there must necessarily be a large number of readers for whom the lives of his Oaks and Boldwoods and Wildeves and Winterbornes possess no interest, simply because they are stupid and vulgar peasants, "and nothing more," as the primrose was but a yellow primrose to Peter Bell. With this Mr. Hardy must have reckoned in deciding to stick to Wessex. We do not ourselves complain of him for so doing. As long as he can find passions to paint and characters to draw and dramas to unfold as profoundly moving as he continues to find in Wessex, we have no desire to see him go elsewhere in search of subjects.

MRS. RUSSELL LOWELL'S POETRY.

IN 1844 Lowell was married to Maria White. Miss White had already written poetry, including two sonnets to her betrothed in the short-lived *Boston Pioneer*, and her serene and gentle beauty concealed, we are told, great strength and fervour of nature. She was the main prompter of her husband in his reforming ardour, and for a time after her death he was thought by more vehement spirits to have fallen back. In the year of his marriage Lowell published 'A Year's Life.' One of the sonnets which we quote, "In Absence," was by Mrs. Lowell. His 'Conversations on some of the Old Poets' was published in 1848, and the illuminated cover was designed by his wife. The copy in the British Museum is at present being bound, but I am assured that the cover will be carefully preserved. In 1848 a second series of his poems contained the following, by his wife :—

THE MORNING GLORY.

We wreathed about our darling's head the morning glory bright,
Her little face looked out beneath, so full of life and light,
So lit as with a sunrise that we could only say,
She is the morning glory true, and her poor types are they.

So always from that happy time we called her by their name,
And very fitting did it seem, for sure as morning came,
Behind her cradle bars she smiled to catch the first faint ray,
As from the trellis smiles the flower and opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear their airy cups of blue,
As turned her sweet eyes to the light, brimmed with sleep's tender dew;
And not so close their tendrils fine round their supports are thrown,
As those dear arms whose outstretched plea clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come, even as comes the flower,
The last and perfect added gift to crown love's morning hour;
And how in her was imaged forth the love we could not say,
As on the little dewdrop round shines back the heart of day.

We never could have thought of God that she must wither up,
Almost before a day is flown, like the morning glory's cup;
We never thought to see her droop her fair and noble head,
Till she lay stretched before our eyes, wilted and cold and dead.

The morning glory's blossoming will soon be coming round,
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves upspringing from the ground;
The tender things the winter killed renew again their birth,
But the glory of our morning has passed away from earth.

O Earth, in vain our aching eyes stretch over thy green plain!
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air, her spirit to sustain—
But up in groves of Paradise full surely we shall see
Our morning glory beautiful twine round our dear Lord's knee.

In the edition published in 1849, 2 vols., by Ticknor, Read and Fields, Boston, there is a note on page vii, "The poem called 'The Morning Glory' on page 31, it is proper to say, is by another's hand." Mrs. Lowell died in 1853. It may be noted that the sonnet "In Absence" is placed opposite the sonnet to Wendell Phillips, which first committed Lowell to the anti-slavery cause.

IN ABSENCE.

These rugged wintry days I scarce could bear,
Did I not know that, in the early spring,
When wild March winds upon their errands sing,
Thou wouldst return, bursting on this still air,
Like those same winds when, startled from their lair,
They hunt up violets, and free swift brooks
From icy cares, even as thy clear looks
Bid my heart bloom and sing and break all care:
When drops with welcome rain the April day,
My flowers shall find their April in thine eyes,
Save there the rain the dreamy clouds doth stay,
As loath to fall out of those happy skies;
Yet sure, my love, thou art most like to May,
That comes with steady sun when April dies.

MARY E. WILKINS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'QUAKER COUSINS.'

WE have yet another writer of tales of New England. No country of a like area ever produced so many novelists as that rocky land. Hawthorne, Mrs. Stowe, Miss Alcott, and a host of others have given the world pictures of New England life. The soil still remains fruitful, and we are eager as ever to welcome its new productions, and to learn all that may be said about a life so near to us in many ways, so far from us in others. Miss Wilkins's tales are no imitations nor re-echoes. They are as fresh and original as were ever 'Mosses from an Old Manse' or 'The Pearl of Orr's Island' in their day. The present writer can recall the delight of reading the former when it first appeared, and remembers the outburst of enthusiasm with which those pictures of New England of a past century were received here. Modern New England was untouched by Hawthorne; his was a mystic semblance] of the past, full of beauty, but not the reality of to-day. Miss Wilkins's stories are realistic in the true sense of that much misused word. They are not mere collections of facts, more or less unpleasant, but a faithful chronicling of such details of human affairs as have a real meaning. Every character has the tone and air of New England, of the people who accept no tradition, yet are stiff with inborn prejudices; who unite the last "ism" and spasm of modern ideas with ultra-Scotch Calvinism; who grew up on their hard soil, and under a severe and oppressive sky, always independent, often eccentric, with the virtues and the faults of a vigorous race. Miss Wilkins knows the New Englander, what he thinks, what he feels, what he loves and hates, the food he eats and the air he breathes. She paints the village life, the people on farms and in workshops and workhouses; and in all, whatever may be the setting, she sees those things which are of perennial interest—the pathos and beauty of simple lives. Here is true excellence, native born, uncopied and untaught, but, one suspects, kept at its high level by contact with the best literary models.

How it may be with others we know not, but we must confess to a feeling of reluctance in discussing personal matters relating to the writer of these tales. Not because we would not willingly know much about one who has given us a new and lasting pleasure, but rather because there is about these three little volumes a certain touch of a fine and delicate soul which turns curiosity away, a little shamefaced. The few words of preface to 'A Humble Romance' are spoken with such unassumed modesty, with such a retirement of the person behind the work, that we would accept that demure "M. E. W." gratefully, as all that is vouchsafed us. We know that Miss Wilkins is young, that she is New England descended, born, and bred, and further, that the few who have the privilege of being her friends, recognise in her the mirror of the quiet humour, the pathos, and the compassionate insight of her tales. It is told that Miss Austen used to hide the brilliant pages of 'Emma' and 'Pride and Prejudice' under a bit of blotting paper. We could imagine that this little trick of the blotting paper was Miss Wilkins's also, and we would not disturb the modest quiet which we feel sure enshrines the writer of 'A Far-Away Melody' and 'A New England Nun.'

Miss Wilkins gives in her tales variety in sameness, character after character, fresh in its originality, yet still of one type. She draws many pictures of the American girl—not the rather attenuated smart person which we may meet fresh any month in Mr. Howells's pages—not the brilliant omnipotent belle of fashionable life, but the fair, delicate, nervous, independent flower of New England, the girl who "teaches school," works at dressmaking, or on the farm, whose slender form and pink and white complexion cover a resolute will and sensitive nerves. But it is in her pictures of middle-aged women that Miss Wilkins excels, and she has done what no other writer has ever dared to do in making them the heroines of her stories. Whoever heretofore brought tears to the eyes over the small trials, the little heroisms and silent sorrows of old maids and hardworked wives? There is an endless gallery of these curious portraits of aged maids and matrons, drawn with all the detail and clearness of Holbein's old women. And how delightful they are!—the "Old Arithmetician," who sits up all night working out the problem which has baffled minister and schoolmaster, and whose tender heart is torn with remorse over her neglected household duties; the poor "Village Poetess," dying meekly, broken-hearted, with her despised verses in a tea-pot beside her. The gentle old Anne Millet, almost driven to unbelief by the loss of her cat—with what sympathy one reads of her mental struggles! What a breath of relief one draws when the cat is found, and we hear her lift up her heart in self-reproachful joy! "I've

been an awful wicked woman. I ain't been to meetin', an' I've talked an'— Them squashes I threw away! It's been so warm, they ain't froze, an' I don't deserve it—I hadn't orter hev one of 'em; I hadn't orter hev anything. I'd orter offer up Willy. Lor' sakes! think of me sayin' what I did, an' him down cellar." Then those two proud old sisters, who share one gala dress between them, hiding their poverty from their neighbours, yet incapable of lying, even when pressed by impudent curiosity—who does not rejoice when their vulgar enemy is brought to her knees over the "sizzlin'" fire-crackers?

The men of the stories are, as they would themselves express it, "of less account" than the women; and they are more sparsely scattered through the pages, as they are in reality fewer in number in a country suffering so much from male emigration as New England. But where they appear, they fill the space appointed them with true masculine vigour.

Here is a new view, a fresh, sweetly-scented field of fiction, as racy of the soil as are Tourgenieff's short tales of Russian life. The thread of the narratives, however simple, always leads to some climax full and complete, leaving the reader satisfied, often taken by surprise, so skilfully hidden is the hand of Fate which guides it. The curtain descends without apparent signal, and one sentence frequently reveals the inevitable—often beautiful—solution. This young writer, dealing with the commonplaces of life, sees the eternal harmony of goodness explaining and softening all—in the homely doings, the potato settings, the dish washings, the going to meetin'; and amid all the ruthlessly exact details, there is a meaning which the divining eye of the poet sees. "Like all common things," says Miss Wilkins of "Christmas Jenny's" candle, "it had and was its own poem." This might be the motto of all her writings, and her gift is that of Jean François Millet, to see the symbolism of homeliness, the sacred pathos of the daily toil of dutiful lives. When a writer is endowed with this power, it is not necessary to seek strange situations, monstrosities of character, or tortuous and complicated passions to excite emotion; and there is the comfortable sense of reserve power which might say more than it does. She rarely touches the ghastly or horrible. If she does, a vague detail, far reaching in its significance, is sufficient. Here is an instance: a charitable woman takes a pillow to a miserly sick old man and his wife, who live alone with a ruffianly underpaid farm-servant. She finds the house still and deserted; her growing terror is described when to her repeated calls no answer comes. "The silence seemed to beat against her ears. She went across the kitchen to the bedroom. Here and there she held back her dress. She reached the bedroom and looked in." No more is told, only how she sped homeward, arriving there half-fainting. 'Now tell me about it," said Mrs. Ansel. "What did you see first? What was you going there for?" "To carry the pillow," said Luella, pointing to it. "I can't talk about it, Maria." Mrs. Ansel went over to the lounge and took it up. "Mercy sakes! What's that on it?" she cried in horror "I s'pose—I—hit it against the wall somehow," Luella replied. "I can't talk about it, Maria." The horrible scene of the murder is somehow flashed upon us by that oblique stroke. Here is another swift and effectual touch. An honest young fellow has suddenly been dismissed from work by the foreman—no reason given. He stands with his handsome wife in the garden the same evening, and the foreman goes by. "She was standing close to her husband clinging to his arm when he got to the front of the house, just when he had his eyes fixed full on her. She even leaned her head against David's shoulder. She knew why she did it, though her husband did not; she knew also why this foreman had turned him off, and this was her method of stabbing him for it." In two lines, the key to the whole story.

Miss Wilkins paints the surroundings in her stories with much care and much felicity, and she knows how wisely to omit. She has the same careful eye for scenery as for moral niceties. The little vignettes of roadside and garden, field and sky, play their part in the picture as successfully as the "foregrotund" in a fine etching. In 'The Solitary,' two figures, the big and surly misanthrope, and the half-starved, miserable carrier, stand out against a background of a snowy night. We see the snow-covered woods, the clearing sky before the oncoming of the bitter night, the hush of death as the frost deepens. "The snow creaked under foot; the air was full of sparkles, there were noises like guns in the woods, for the trees were almost freezing. The moon was full, and seemed like a very fire of death, radiating cold instead of heat."

We might be tempted to compare these tales with the short tales of Mrs. Gaskell, which deal with the class of small farmers and working people of Lancashire. It would only be to point out the differences between them. The sombre colouring, the tragic speed and force of such tales as 'The Crooked Branch, 'The Heart of John Middleton,' or the 'Sexton's Story,' are not here. Miss Wilkins's stories would not be true pictures of New England life if they were. American life is not tragic or sombre. The great future before it—the great prosperity of the American nation—determines the national mood and makes it cheerful, in spite of individual sorrows. American literature reflects a serene sky, and there is in it none of that deep undercurrent of passionate feeling born of the memories of oppression and struggle, a long history of endurance of evil, and battles lost and won, which flows under our best gaiety and content. Miss Wilkins's tales have the freshness of youth about them, though their theme may often be sad. Their pathos has in it a gentle sweetness, not far removed from happiness and hope.

THE NEWEST ARABIAN NIGHT.

IT was perhaps the strangest position and the oddest disguise in which Prince Florizel of Bohemia had ever found himself. He was dressed in a loose white robe, not unlike the night-shirt of civilised society. Round his head was a chaplet of flowers, which heightened the ghastly effect of his expression; for his face, especially his nose, was tattooed with extraordinary devices, one of which bore some resemblance to a Highland kilt, and another to a flag with a skull and crossbones picked out in white. It was a brilliant night, brilliant with the intensity which is peculiar to the Southern Pacific; and as the Prince lay on his back, partially screened from the blaze of the heavens by the branch of a tree, which swayed gently in the breeze, the

shadows flickered over his strangely scarred face, so that the kilt and the Jolly Roger seemed to the startled fancy of his companion to flutter in some unearthly wind.

This spectator was a young man, who at first sight might have been taken by a casual observer for a Polynesian. His skin was very dark, his hair was fantastically matted, and he wore a large brass ring through his nose. But a closer inspection would have shown that his features were distinctly Caucasian, and that his complexion had been adjusted by artificial means to a personal whim or some prevailing fashion. Besides, he rubbed his nose from time to time with marked uneasiness, as if the brass ornament were far from being traditional in his family.

The Prince had fallen into a doze, and was muttering disjointed phrases, of which, amongst others, "cream tarts," and "the Oyster Bar in Leicester Square," fell on the listener's ear. He made a sudden movement, and the Prince, wide awake in an instant, started to his feet.

"Has he come?" he demanded, almost fiercely.

"Your Highness has been dreaming," said the young man, with a touch of tranquil dryness in his deferential tone. "You fancied yourself back in Leicester Square. I ventured to wake you for fear these phantasms of the past might affect your relish of the present adventure."

The Prince checked an exclamation, and took some hasty strides to collect himself, when he was interrupted by the voice of the young man, who cried in a panic-stricken accent:

"I see another phantom!"

"What is it, in heaven's name?"

"The tutor in 'Eugene Aram'—'now up the mead, now down the mead.' I implore your Highness not to walk like that. You are a perfect incarnation of reminders, and I am simply stifled in this reminiscent atmosphere. You have got Alan Breck on your left cheek bone, and Long John Silver beckons from the bridge of your nose. Ghosts of dead adventures seem to clutch me by the throat, and I pant for something new!"

He buried his face in his hands and sobbed aloud.

"Lloyd Osborne," said the Prince gravely, as he laid a delicate forefinger on the young man's head, "I fear you are ungrateful for the opportunities I have bestowed upon you. Of all men else, I have chosen you as my Collaborator in romance. I might have given this glorious mission to Henley, who, indeed, rendered me some trifling aid in other days." He paused a moment, and then asked abruptly, "What news is there of that curvetting spirit?"

The other drew from his pocket a printed paper, and with the help of a dazzling beam from Mercury, read this passage: "'Tis unimpeachable that Mr. W. E. Henley offers to the world of letters the highest expression of wit andjudgment which ——"

"Enough," said the Prince, "I know that fine illuminating hand, that delicate appreciation of personal merit. Yet I chose you, Lloyd Osborne, as my companion in adventure. We have been 'In the Wrong Box' together. We packed that dead body, and despatched it by train, one of the most exquisite conceits of my career. Why do you shudder and hold your nose? I have brought you to these islands, and initiated you into the customs of a race whose simple manners are uncorrupted by the taint of civilisation, and whose happy barbarism is unspoiled by the etiquette of cities. I have collected and interpreted their ballads, and I have written a series of letters which, I am pleased to think, may never end, upon the inexhaustible fascinations of their daily lives."

The young man groaned, and took from his pocket another printed paper.

"What have you there?" inquired the Prince.

"It is the number which contains your Highness's last letter from the South Seas. It appears near the end, amongst the advertisements. It is in the distinguished company of soap, and tooth-powder, and sewing-machines. Next time you will probably adorn the back page of the cover. This will be the crowning proof of the avidity with which the public in Bohemia devour your Highness's interminable treatises on the manners and customs of the interesting race with whose personal charms I am a successful competitor." Here the young man touched his brass ornament with a gesture of impatience.

"You speak with bitterness," said Prince Florizel, calmly. "What would you have?"

"Let us return to Leicester Square," replied the young man, with glistening eyes. "Let us drive a donkey in the Cevennes. Let us tell harmless anecdotes for virgins and boys. But not here; not under the intolerable glitter of those stars which shine on this human void." He rose in his excitement and waved his hands wildly above his head. "What are we doing? What life problem are we studying? What conflicts of character and passion are we observing? What story have we found in these seas that is worth the telling? Your Highness may remind me of 'The Wrecker.' But how does it differ essentially from a thousand and one stories of the same class? Why are we here wasting our lives, wasting your reputation, on things which would be worthless even if they were as new as they are flat, stale, and unprofitable?"

There was a brief silence, and then the Prince, in a voice of which the slow emphasis thinly disguised the undersurge of passion, said:

"Listen, Lloyd Osborne. You have spoken in the fulness of youthful presumption. You have lectured your Sovereign with the inexperience of the budding critic. Were we in Bohemia—aye, even in these days of overweening democracy and an insolent press—you should answer this impertinence with your head. But here in this Samoan glade I will show you that the wizard's hand has not lost its cunning. You taunt me with the emptiness of our life. You ask me what human interest we have discovered in these islands. You fling my past adventures in my face, and yet you crave for a new adventure which shall spare you the tedium of reminder. You shall have your will."

As he uttered these words Prince Florizel's face assumed a look of such uncanny fixity that his companion gazed at him like a man who is mesmerised.

"Whom do we expect?" asked the Prince.

"The Baron Von Stickleback, your Highness."

"What is his offence?"

"He has threatened to blow up the gaol with dynamite, and the only dynamiter whom your Highness recognises is the gentleman who invented the infernal machine which always failed at the critical moment."

"Good," said the Prince, with a stern smile. "You shall see the fate of an imitator. You shall see me bury his imposture ——"

"Not like the Master of Ballantrae!" exclaimed the young man in a tone of entreaty.

But at that moment they were interrupted by the appearance of a stout man of small stature, who approached them cautiously, carrying a huge meerschaum pipe.

"It is ze Herr Stevenson," he said, looking from one to the other, and using the name by which Prince Florizel chose to be known in those parts. "I tink you did ze Head Washer of Bottles to ze King of Samoa wish to see?"

Lloyd Osborne held his breath as Prince Florizel, with dilating eyes, drew himself to his full height, a terrible figure of the avenger.

"Baron Von Stickleback," he said, in a grating voice, "your doom is come. *I have written a letter to the 'Times'!*"

The Baron put his pipe in his mouth, and blew a huge whiff with great composure; but the young man threw up his arms with a cry and fell down in a fit.

BEHIND A BOOKSELLER'S COUNTER.

The Busy Season—Children's Coloured Books—The Little Minister—Title Pages.

WE are now in the full swing of business. Books new and old have been arriving by the cartload, and are now disappearing from the shelves and being distributed to all parts of the country. Booksellers are always radiant in November and December. You can demand at this season any favour you have set your heart on from a bookseller—favours which he would reject with utmost scorn in almost any other month of the year; for are not these two precious months his harvest-time? Books which he has found himself "over" with, on looking at his stock in September, now begin to slip away, and the profit on his purchases which is locked up in these "overs" he reaps at last. Now is the time for the publisher to trot out his "dead horses" and dispose of them to the best advantage, instead of trying to sell them in the dead months of August and September, when a bookseller is without energy to look at a purchase of this sort with any degree of enthusiasm.

* * * * * *

Say as you will, it is the juvenile books—or rather the books for juveniles—which bring most grist to the mill of the miscellaneous bookseller, and his life would be a very unhappy one if it were not for Henty, Ballantyne, and a score of other writers for young people whose books go off with unfailing regularity. The coloured books for the young folks do not display any novelty this year; they only resemble their predecessors of previous seasons, with the difference that their titles vary. They are all very pretty, but there are indications of a decline in the demand for these books; their exceeding prettiness being apt to cloy when they appear season after season, with very little advance in their style.

Messrs. Griffith, Farran and Co. have struck out a bolder line in their 'Granny's Wonderful Chair.' The facsimiles of Mrs. Seymour Lucas' oil sketches are truly a delight for the eye to rest on, and the letterpress, although not new, is very much better than the tawdry stuff which passes muster now-a-days for children's literature.

The cheaper shilling toy books, which are now all "printed in Germany" or "printed in Holland," are a marked improvement on the toy books of five years ago issued at the same price. The grotesque shapes in which they are cut are not without their delights to the children. How comes it that these cheap toy books can be produced at cheaper rates abroad than in this country? It is entirely because the artisan lithographic printer in Nuremberg and Leipsic and Amsterdam is an artist, and not a mere day labourer, as I grieve to say our printers are. He goes through his day's work because he is paid so much for it, and that a very much higher rate than is obtained abroad. The last time I was in Leipsic this was very forcibly brought home to me on seeing an unskilled (so-called) labourer mixing mortar for the bricklayer. He had a cigar in his mouth (three a penny), but the actions of his arms were so artistic in using the iron-pronged instrument that while I watched him I observed that his arms were working in harmony with his brains, and that he was making better mortar because of the combination. I then saw that this was the explanation why the unskilled (so-called) German colour printer beat our workmen.

* * * * * *

There is as yet no appearance of any striking book for the winter, and even the publishers' advance lists are extremely disappointing in not being able to shadow forth any prospect of a coming book. Mr. Froude's 'Catherine of Aragon' is having but a moderate sale, but it is really the only book as yet which stands out pre-eminent. The success of 'The Little Minister,' by Mr. Barrie, is undoubted, but that only affects the libraries, as the price at which it is published (31s. 6d.) places it quite beyond the bookseller. The great libraries tell us that they hate novels published at this price, and it seems to me that it would be good policy if the publishers were to issue a book of this sort at once at 6s. The libraries would purchase a greater number than they would at the greater price, and the sale among the booksellers would simply be "prodigious."

* * * * * *

The publication of Mr. A. W. Pollard's work on the title pages of past days reveals how great is the lost art of a well set-up title page. Some of the books which are brought to us day by day are really a disgrace to the printer's art so far as the title page is concerned. There is neither style nor method in the arrangement, and I would advise printers and publishers to give 'Last Words on the History of the Title Page' their careful study. Δ

AN ABERDEEN BOOKSELLER'S RECOLLECTIONS

LOOKING back at the book trade in Aberdeen some fifty years ago, one finds it difficult to say whether the change that has taken place is greatest in the manner of conducting business or in the character of the books demanded. Then, as now, religious books were a staple article of trade; but while at present heterodox theology or milk-and-water evangelicism holds the field as to number sold, the following were the ready-selling books of half a century ago:—'Krummacher's Elijah the Tishbite,' 'Willison's Afflicted Man's Companion,' 'Dyer's Christ's Famous Titles,' 'MacEwan on the Types,' 'Baxter's Saint's Rest,' 'Doddridge's Rise and Progress,' 'Wilberforce's Practical View,' and 'Pike's Early Piety.' Canvassers, too, throughout the rural districts circulated large numbers of Bibles, 'Fleetwood's Life of Christ,' 'Stockhouse's History of the Bible,' and similar works in numbers. To these must be added the quaint Chapman bookseller, who hawked through the country such penny ballads and histories as 'Sir James the Rose,' 'Mill o' Tifty's Annie,' 'Thrummy Cap,' 'Watty and Meg,' 'The Long Pack,' and 'Jamie Fleeman'; frequently varying their wares with 48mo toy-books published by Lumsden and Son, Glasgow, and large coloured bright red and yellow pictures of 'Burns and Highland Mary,' 'Bonnie Prince Charlie,' etc., etc. These last decorated the walls of many a country kitchen, and certainly gave a cheerier aspect to the blazing ingle than our modern German prints and chromos. Of students' books the permanent stock stood by 'Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary,' 'Dunbar's Greek Lexicon,' 'Mair's Tyro's Dictionary' and 'Tyro's Guide.' With a stock of these the bookseller's business was a very easy-going one, and for the most part was pleasantly blended with the gossip of callers who lounged and discussed local topics as well as bought books. But now, the multiform and large stock

that has to be kept, the continual change and ever-increasing multiplication of text-books, the variety of editions of all standard authors, the craze for cheapness irrespective of quality, have well-nigh crushed out all ease, a great deal of the pleasure, and almost all the profit, from what was wont to be a model calling for a man of taste.

MESSRS. R. BENTLEY AND SON'S SALE DINNER.

A FEW years since the booksellers of London looked upon the "sale dinner" as one of the most important features of the autumn trade. These dinners have unfortunately become almost a thing of the past, the only one now devoted to new books and current literature being Messrs. R. Bentley and Son's. This dinner was held last month at Stationers' Hall (by permission of the Company), and it would be impossible to select a more appropriate place of meeting than this Hall, as the Stationers' Company have been more or less associated with literature since the sixteenth century. Mr. R. Bentley, who presided, always imparts an additional interest in these dinners by inviting a few guests whose names are well known in literature. On this occasion there were present, amongst others, Mr. H. W. Lucy (Toby of *Punch*), Dr. Lionel Beale, and Mr. Alaric Watts, with all the principal London booksellers, while Mr. Mudie, Mr. Faux (Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son), and Mr. Verrinder (Grosvenor Gallery) represented the libraries. After the dinner, business commenced in real earnest, and among the principal books offered were 'John Leech,' by Mr. W. P. Frith, Mrs. Grimwood's 'My Three Years in Manipur,' and Mr. Hissey's 'Ride Across England,' all of which were well taken up. A larger number than ever of Bentley's standard novels were sold, while the cheap edition of Mrs. H. Wood's novels appeared as popular as ever, one large firm buying over 10,000 copies. It would be much regretted if Messrs. Bentley and Son's should discontinue their yearly gatherings, as it is almost the only opportunity the booksellers now have of meeting each other, and of discussing over "wine and walnuts" the various features of the trade.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between October 15th and November 15th, 1891:—

1. LONDON, CENTRAL.

1. Henley's Lyra Heroica. (Nutt.)
2. Tim. (Macmillan.)
3. Cecilia de Noël. (Macmillan.)
4. Arnold's Seas and Lands. (Longman.)
5. Peacock's Merlin Court. (Dent.)
6. Gore's Bampton Lectures. (Murray).

2. LONDON, WEST.

1. Froude's Divorce of Catherine of Aragon. (Longman.)
2. Henley's Lyra Heroica. (Nutt.)
3. Cecilia de Noël. (Macmillan.)
4. Sir W. Muir, The Caliphate. (R. T. S.)
5. Hedderwick's Backward Glances. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)
6. Shorthouse's Blanche, Lady Falaise. (Macmillan.)

3. EDINBURGH, WEST.

1. Drummond's (Prof.) Programme of Christianity. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
2. The Scottish Clans and their Tartans. (W. and A. K. Johnston.)
3. Gore's Incarnation of the Son of God. (John Murray.)
4. Stalker's The Preacher and his Models. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
5. Crane (W.), Queen Summer. (Cassell and Co.)
6. Ruskin's Poems. 2 vols. (George Allen.)

4. EDINBURGH.

1. Ruskin's Poems, 2 vols. (10s., 30s., and 63s., Allen.)
2. Sir Edwin Arnold's Seas and Lands. (21s., Longmans.)
3. Froude's Divorce of Catherine of Aragon. (16s., Longmans.)
4. Gore's Bampton Lectures, 1891. (7s. 6d., Murray.)
5. Stalker's The Preacher and his Models. (5s., Hodder and Stoughton.)
6. Sidgwick's Elements of Politics. (14s. net, Macmillan.)

5. DUBLIN.

1. Moltke's Franco-German War.
2. Gore's Bampton Lectures.
3. Wakeman's Antiquities of Ireland.
4. Jacob's Celtic Fairy Tales.
5. Driver's Introduction to Old Testament.
6. Hall's Physical Geology and Geography of Ireland.

6. MANCHESTER.

N.B.—This list does not give order of books.

Drummond's Programme of Christianity.
Cheyne's Origin of the Psalter.
Driver's Introduction to Old Testament Literature.
Lux Mundi.
Macfadyen's Life, by Mackennal.
Barrie's Novels.
Fothergill's March in Ranks.
Lubbock's Best Hundred Books. (Routledge's Series.)

7. GLASGOW.

N.B.—This list is not in order.

Dr. Driver's Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament.
Dr. Stalker's Preacher and his Models.
Professor Drummond's Programme of Christianity.
George Square, by Rev. T. Somerville, M.A.
Backward Glances, by Jas. Hedderwick.
The New Life, by Rev. Andrew Murray.

Our correspondent adds:—"The bookselling business is and has been very flat. We have not got over the strike of last year, and the weather at present is anything but favourable."

8. BURNLEY.

1. Black's Folio Atlas. (63s., A. and C. Black.)
2. Drummond's Programme of Christianity. (1s., Hodder and Stoughton.)
3. Poole's Practical Telephone Handbook. (3s. 6d., Whitaker and Co.
4. Morris' News from Nowhere. (1s., Re eves and Turner.
5. Stokes' Natural Theology. (3s. 6d., A. and C. Black.)
6. Shorthouse's Blanche, Lady Falaise. (6s., Macmillan.)

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us by leading booksellers in the districts indicated.

LIBELS—REAL AND IMAGINARY.

THERE is one kind of letter which the oldest editor never opens without a slight thrill of emotion. It is usually in a small blue oblong envelope, and addressed in a clerkly hand. On the flap of the envelope is the stamp of a solicitor. When opened it reads as follows:—

SIR,

JONES *v.* "—— HERALD."

My client Mr. Jones has consulted me with reference to an article which appeared in your journal on the 12th ult. The imputations contained in that article are grossly libellous and wholly unfounded. I need not add that they are calculated most seriously to prejudice the reputation of my client, and that they are in every way most damaging. I have to ask that you will insert an unqualified contradiction of these most injurious statements, together with a full and suitable apology in the earliest issue of your journal, and that you will also be good enough to let me know the name of the solicitor who will act for you in this case.

We are,
Yours obediently,
W. CROWQUILL.

The Editor —— *Herald.*

The effect of such a letter on the recipient depends wholly on temperament and experience. If you are young and a novice, you fly to your files, trembling and conscience-stricken. If you are middle-aged and case-hardened you give vent to your annoyance at the monotony of that man's style, and then confound him for his impertinence. "Grossly

libellous," "most injurious," "seriously prejudicial"—how well you know these charming expressions. Are they not just the very phrases which the absconding Secretary of the Slumtown Building Society addressed to you through his solicitor on the eve of his "departure for the Continent"? "My client," you were told, "has arranged to take a brief holiday during the next few days, but has instructed me to take the necessary proceedings in his absence." The following morning you had the pleasure of publishing this letter and adding a few particulars about the client's holiday and the causes which had made it advisable.

Twice and thrice may such a communication reach you, and you may consign it to your waste-paper basket, or use it to the discomfiture of your correspondent and his client in whatever way you think fit. Very often it is merely an attempt to silence inconvenient comment. In this case the best plan, provided always you are sure of your facts, is to return no answer, unless it be a formal acknowledgment, and to repeat the offending statement in the next issue of the paper. The bold way is the shortest way and the cheapest. A timid editor who puts the matter into the hands of his solicitor, or inserts a half-apology in his paper, will find himself constantly involved in correspondence, which is merrily kept going by the solicitors, until "the other side" thinks fit to drop it, and to leave him to pay his solicitor's bill. Above all things it is essential to resist the demand for a five-pound note "to settle the matter out of court." Once give in to that, and you will discover a considerable demand for five-pound notes. There are solicitors of the baser sort in most towns who will pursue these cases with avidity, provided there is a fair chance of recovering a fee. I myself once had reason to suspect that a young solicitor just starting business made it a practice to hunt our paper daily on the off-chance of discovering a possible libel, and then to communicate with "the aggrieved person," with a proposal for working it on the half-profit system. The client in these cases usually gets about a fifth of "the profits," if any.

But though you may treat the matter thus boldly about three times out of four, you must look out for the fourth time. The occasion of stumbling may come when you are least aware. Often it is a news paragraph which you have received from an agency or a correspondent, and printed in good faith. Against this risk no precautions avail. It is wholly impossible to investigate news concerning a distant part of the country or of the world before it is printed. When mishaps occur they must be accepted with the best grace possible, and regarded as part of the fortunes of war. The same excuse cannot generally be pleaded when the libel is local. In this case you have usually yourself to blame, either for foolhardiness or carelessness, or both. There are few editors of any standing who have not the records of some curious or perilous experience of this kind among their pigeon-holes, and I have ventured to select two from my own.

In a certain town in the south of England, which for the sake of obscurity I will call Welborough, there is an evening paper which prides itself on its unrivalled energy. The chief reporter a few years ago was a fiercely vivacious person, who acted or tried to act as detective in general to the whole population. He was a man of ideas, and he prided himself on finding a wholly new and exclusive subject to work up every other day. That the strain on his intellect was considerable will be readily understood by those who know how very like one day is to another in an ordinary provincial town. However, his opportunities came at intervals, and when it was reported one morning that the dead body of a man had been found in a certain brick-pond on the outskirts of the town, he felt that the occasion demanded the man. There was no sort of mystery about the case. The deceased had spent the evening in a neighbouring public-house, he had left it tipsy and met his fate accidentally. However, it occurred to the chief reporter of the *Welborough Herald* that this pond must have a history. I cannot imagine why it occurred to him, but still it did occur to him. What is more, he put his whole staff on to investigate that pond, to the great prejudice of all the ordinary local news of the the day. Between them, they obtained what he was pleased to call an "exclusive sensation"—exclusive in the sense that it was all their own, and would appear solely in the *Welborough Herald*. This precious thing was reserved till the last edition, for fear the rival should copy it, and then it appeared with much glory of head-lines, cross-heads, and spaced type, the news-editor simultaneously losing his head and conniving with the reporters. The first sentence remains with me still. "The public of Welborough," it ran, "will be surprised, nay, startled, to learn that the catastrophe which transpired yesterday in connection with the Westgate brick-pond, is not the only tragedy which is associated with that fatal pool." Then it went on to relate how ten years ago the body of a woman had been found there, and at the inquest which followed the jury had been compelled, "from lack of evidence," to return a verdict of accidentally drowned, though suspicion had fallen strongly upon a man named Robinson, who had conducted the woman home that way "after a festal evening." But now came the "startling denouement." Two years ago the man Robinson died, but at the last moment he confessed on his death-bed that he had deliberately murdered the woman by pushing her into the pond and leaving her to her fate. Then, to make the whole thing properly circumstantial, the report of the inquest was fetched from a back file of the paper and reprinted in full.

My first duty, on coming down in the evening to edit the morning paper of which the *Welborough Herald* was an offshoot, was to read the last evening edition and see what news was worth repeating in the morning paper. I read the story of the Westgate brick-pond with some misgivings. Then I fell back on the comforting, if cynical maxim, that you can't libel the dead—at least, not according to English law. A few minutes later the head-reader appeared in my room with a very serious face. He was a timid man, who rarely ventured to suggest anything outside his own department, but to-night he had screwed himself up and was very deliberate. "Please, sir, I believe I saw the Mr. Robinson who is mentioned in that report in Thomas-street last week." I felt a horrid conviction that the man was right, but I answered with considerable warmth that the thing was impossible since Mr. Robinson died last year. "Please, sir, I am sure he wasn't dead last week," was the only reply. A moment later the foreman printer came to see me with the announcement that Mr. Robinson was his particular friend, and at that moment exceedingly hale and well.

I need not pause to relate the interview which followed with the chief reporter. The story had been told him first by his mother-in-law's second cousin, confirmed at a public-house in the neighbourhood of the pond, and "not contradicted" by a police-sergeant. The discovery of the inquest had to his mind "convincingly established it." Moreover he held the strongest possible opinion that Mr. Robinson had no business to be alive, and that if he hadn't had a death-bed and hadn't confessed, he ought to have had. Two days later came the inevitable letter couched in rather stronger language than usual. "It was impossible to conceive," wrote the solicitor, "a libel more atrocious or more unfounded. No damages could be equivalent to the injury which his client had suffered by being publicly accused of an atrocious murder, and the circumstances were gravely complicated by the allegation that he had himself confessed to it on his death-bed." But there was a postscript which comforted me greatly. "I shall be glad to hear from you without delay what proposal you have to make." Evidently Mr. Robinson was willing to square it, or at all events, as it afterwards turned out, very unwilling to take the case into court. Finally, after a little bluffing on both sides, we settled the matter for a hundred pounds, and thought it exceedingly cheap. Had it been any one else but Mr. Robinson, it must have been a thousand-pound case and a disastrously ridiculous action.

The other case is more humdrum, but I give it because it has a bearing on the legal saying that "You cannot libel a multitude." By some carelessness a letter crept into our columns in which "more than half" the meat which was sold in the public market-hall was declared to be unfit for food. There were no less than seventy butchers selling meat in this hall, all of whom were of course furious. The position was awkward for us and for them. Any one of them who took action would have invited the retort that the cap fitted, while we on our side could have denied that the statement was aimed at any particular one, or that that one was included in the condemned majority. But supposing any

one of them obtained damages for loss of trade, there was practically no reason why all seventy should not follow suit and obtain seventy separate verdicts against us. At all events, an action of this kind would have put us to the immense trouble and expense of investigating and defending each case separately. For some time, I confess, the prospect of these seventy actions weighed rather heavily on my mind. But after breathing out threatenings and slaughters for a fortnight or more the butchers decided to leave their case in the hands of the Sanitary Committee of the Corporation, who held two special meetings to denounce us and threatened us with an action as landlords of the market, but finally let the matter drop. The end was tame, but I have never known a case which presented quite so many legal complications, and I submit it for the discussion of lawyers. There are few questions left more open by the law of libel than the length to which a newspaper may go in attacking groups of people, without incurring actions for libel.

But this article is not intended to discuss points of law, and I must leave these reminiscences to tell their own tale. Every editor who chose to be communicative could add to them. The best of them, because the most ridiculous, never come before the public or into open court. An editor who studied the law of libel and brooded over his perils would not sleep o' nights. But it is rather pleasant to look back on hairbreadth escapes, and on those breathless moments when the press had to be stopped, and the type effaced to make some dangerous word or name illegible. I have come out of my bed to do it myself, and I often wonder whether the public understands the significance of those blurred lines which check his progress midway in some denunciatory article. A.

NEW BOOKS.

CATHERINE OF ARAGON.*

Forty years ago Mr. Froude, with the mingled generosity and protervity which marks the Historical Plasterer, singled out the grimiest statue in the whole English gallery as an object worthy of his restorative art. The Ethiopian Henry was to change his skin under the magic hand of an Ami des Noirs. Of course the job was rather a tough one at first—those cruel little eyes were not easy to enlarge and soften, those coarse pendulous cheeks wanted a good deal of attention, that sensual mouth must somehow be disguised—but as the artist warmed to his work a good deal of the cement and whitewash was somehow made to stick, and the frowsy old "instrument of the Reformation" was turned out quite a clean and highly respectable British householder. The world was charmed with the startling *tour de force*, but Time has been less indulgent. Its ravages the bronze and marble of solid fact alone can withstand. Already the whitewash is coming off in places, the worst cracks are opening out again, busy hands—Mr. Brewer's among others—have picked off some of the most artful patches; Henry, alas! is almost himself again. So the valiant old artist, nothing dismayed, would fain before he leaves it behind once more take his masterpiece in hand, patch it up a bit here and there, lay on a fresh coat or two, and then—well, he has done his duty. Let the critics do their worst, and God defend the right!

Such is the secret of Mr. Froude's last codicil. Over it no Englishman worth the name will sneer, but rather rejoice and glory. It is something to find that there is at least one old man eloquent amongst us who could make up his mind forty years ago and never change it, who like one of Napoleon's veterans, having once exaggerated the good and ignored the evil in the monster he fought for, is faithful to the end. Who then would not, if he could, be converted to the legend of Saint Henry? Moved by the stalwart obstinacy, the pathetic devotion, the sound sense which illuminates the paradoxes of the Introductory Chapter, I, for one, determined to give the case a dispassionate, nay an indulgent re-hearing. But *in foro conscientiæ* the appeal must be dismissed with costs. For not only does Mr. Froude fail to prove his case, but his methods are reprehensible—they are those of the δίκαιος λόγος of Aristophanes. He is too firmly convinced to purposely mislead, but unconsciously he puts Machiavelli to the blush. His ingenuousness is peculiarly artful. After pointing out the vicious circle of Catholic advocates—the Reformation was fiendish, so Henry was a fiend; and Henry being a fiend, it follows that the Reformation was fiendish—later on he himself boldly disclaims the charge of "impartiality." Believing that the Reformation was a blessing, "I am unwilling," he says, "to believe more harm than I can help of my countrymen who accomplished it." But he does not add that he, too, in practice completes a vicious circle, by believing nothing against the Reformation just because it is Henry's. His evasions are masterly; he does not so much glide as tramp over volcanoes as though he had no suspicion of their existence. Take, for example, his cool treatment of the submission of Convocation under the threat of Premunire. The gossip of Chapuys is his favourite authority throughout, save when it tells the wrong way, and at least once (the scandal about Dr. Butts, p. 328) Mr. Froude distorts and exaggerates what the Ambassador says. When driven to bay by the lack of a single weapon of argument, as in his defence of More's murder, he assumes an air almost of effrontery—"it was not wanton," he says, "and it was not tyranny. It was an inevitable and painful incident of an infinitely blessed revolution"—in short, a mere Navarino. His guiding principle, the deduction of Henry's motives from the preambles of his Statutes, is palpably unsound. A little more and we shall be painting William IV. as a Parliamentary and Law Reformer.

In short, the Champion of the Reformation shows no signs of reforming his historical heresies and abuses. Nor are we sorry for it. Though much of the book is occupied by diplomatic details valuable only to technical students, it contains much to interest the intelligent inquirer. The characters of Catherine and Anne are admirably and truthfully brought out with all Mr. Froude's peculiar sagacity. Though by the way there is no proof that Henry ever married Anne at all, if he did so it was probably, as Mr. Froude thinks, from pique. Her guilt is no longer doubtful; her motives alone have been a mystery. The explanation which Mr. Froude tentatively suggests (p. 426, note) I had already adopted as the only possible one. What to many will appear the oddest and most novel point in the book, is the astounding proposal made by a Cardinal Legate and favourably considered by the Holy See, to hush up the "deceased brother's wife" scandal by marrying the daughter of that irregular union to her own half-brother, by another dispensation. The character of Henry VIII. still remains where it was; that is yet undeciphered. Mr. Froude's extreme view can hardly be correct, but it is a valuable corrective to more shallow estimates. No one is obliged to agree with him, and those who differ from him most utterly are just those who will turn with most gratification and respect from the pestiferous spawn of Manuals and Primers, or the arid dustbins of "original research," to his dignified, lucid, and opulent pages. Y. Y.

* 'The Divorce of Catherine of Aragon.' By J. A. Froude. (Longmans, Green and Co.) 16s.

MR. BARRIE'S LITTLE MINISTER.*

Mr. Barrie's first adventure as a story-teller at three-volume length was awaited with eager curiosity. This much he had deserved by his success in short tales and sketches. Would he be equally successful in a long story? The *Little Minister* is a triumphant answer. We confess that we had our doubts throughout the first three or four chapters. We find ourselves once more in Thrums in the company of its weavers and Auld Lichts—excellent company, no doubt. Their talk at the Manse well over the various candidates for their Kirk is as fresh and amusing as ever, and there is a comic policeman whom we have not met before, as original a character as any of our old friends. But we begin to fear that our fare through the three volumes, light and digestible as it is, is only to be "cauld kail het again," the only difference being in the size of the dish. When, however, the riot

* 'The Little Minister.' By J. M. Barrie. (Cassell.) 31s. 6d.

begins, and the madcap Egyptian appears on the scene, this fear is quickly forgotten. We catch scent of the love-story promised in the opening chapter. The tragic note rises like a trumpet sound clear and strong above the comic buzz of Thrums. We find ourselves fairly in the grip of a new and powerful interest. Babbie, the Egyptian, is a most fascinating heroine. When we have read her story to the end, we cordially echo the old Dominie's reflections. "You were the daughter of a summer night, born where all the birds are free, and the moon christened you with her soft light to glamour the eyes of man. Not our little minister alone was stricken by you into his second childhood. To look upon you was to rejoice that so fair a thing could be; to think of you is still to be young. Even those who called you a little devil, of whom I myself have been one, admitted that in the end you had a soul, though not that you were born with one. They said you stole it, and so made a woman of yourself."

The unanimity with which Mr. Barrie's work has been welcomed is really wonderful. When Mr. Gladstone and the *National Observer* are at one, the case must be clear indeed. Truly Mr. Barrie has avenged the "Auld Lichts" of their adversaries. They have hitherto been for the most part but comic characters in classic fiction. Burns's Black Russell and Scott's Habbakuk Mucklewrath have ruled the classic tradition. It was reserved for Mr. Barrie to bring out the common humanity in them, the elements of chivalrous tenderness obscured but not extinguished by their stern creed; to show that "Love is lord of all" even among the Auld Lichts. By the way, is it not a little curious that Mr. Kipling also should have a "little minister" drawn on something of the same lines—Mr. Barraclough, the Primitive Methodist, who half converts Jock Learoyd "on Greenhow Hill"? The ascendency of this fearless little man over the great lump of a Yorkshireman is a curious parallel to Gavin's ascendency over Rob Dow. But Mr. Kipling's Methodist is only a sketch of one side, though drawn with a bold and sure hand. Mr. Barrie's achievement is all the more remarkable that his light and nimble spirit of ridicule is keenly alive to superficial oddities and incongruities, and does not in the least deny itself the enjoyment of these. He pursues his Little Minister all through with friendly banter. Some of his smartest epigrams—and many a quip and crank he has—are at Gavin's expense. "His mother expounded the Scriptures to him till he was eight, when he began to expound them to her." None of his weaknesses are spared. His boyish high spirits and his professional gravity, his diminutive size and tremendous sense of the importance of his position, his pride in his black silk hat and the terror it was for evil-doers in Thrums, are most humorously contrasted. And yet we are made to feel that the Little Minister, though a man of few inches, was every inch a man. His author takes liberties with him because he loves him, and we do not resent them for the same reason.

Mr. Barrie reminds us often of Goldsmith, and in nothing more than in his bold defiance of probabilities under the creative impulse of a generous emotion or a riotous sense of fun. Gavin goes out to quell a riot in which his flock are engaged—a most graphically painted riot it is. He exercises all the terrors of his spiritual authority. He launches curses at the wild gipsy girl who is the heart and soul of the disorder. He sternly calls her "Woman!" and admits that he could have throttled her. Yet a little later, when she puts a clod into his hand, and bids him throw it at the officer, he obeys. It is an outrageous violation of probability, although Mr. Barrie does prepare us for it by making his Little Minister jump over a gooseberry bush after a most solemn and impressive interview with his predecessor in the charge of the Auld Lichts. But it is a delicious invention. To apply realistic tests to it is like stamping on a flower. And so with the happy ending. Babbie is more fortunate than her first cousins in fiction, 'Madcap Violet' and the 'Daughter of Heth.' Was it probable that a creature so elfish would settle down into the *douce* wife of an Auld Licht minister? By the end of the story we are in no mood to pursue such a question. We could not have forgiven Mr. Barrie if he had ended differently, any more than we could have forgiven Goldsmith if he had killed off Olivia.

We do not know any story in which it is more necessary to read to the end in order to form a fair judgment of the characters. Particularly is this true of two of the most masterly of the portraitures, Tammas Whamond and the old Dominie himself. Lang Tammas we misjudge most seriously under the lead of his creator's derisive humour till the memorable chapter—perhaps the best in the book—when he goes under a stern sense of duty to speak his mind to the Little Minister's mother. And Gavin Ogilvy, also, into whose mouth the tale is put, we are too apt to take at his own estimate as a poor craven creature till we come to know all the depths of his tender and chivalrous nature. The author's keen sense of the ludicrous, constantly suggesting all sorts of extravagant fancies, is contagious, and we are disposed at first to make fun of the old Dominie and his tragic and sentimental tone. From the first he begins to hint at something terrible in the relation between Margaret, the Little Minister's mother, and himself. What was it? They were together eighteen years before in Harvie, a fishing village. Adam Dishart was Margaret's husband, a reckless sailor with a loud voice and a woman-killing beard. For some reason the Dominie had to "skulk" out of Harvie. It is said that Adam came home one evening and nearly killed Margaret. We are told of Adam's death, and informed that, tragic as it was, it was not the tragedy of Margaret's life. What was the matter? Reference was made in the *Good Words* version of the story to Adam Dishart's "gully" as one of the relics of that terrible time. How did the Dominie come into possession of that gully? Did he skulk out of Harvie in such haste that the gully was left sticking in him? As the story now stands, the gully is not mentioned till the Dominie's possession of it is satisfactorily explained. But still, infected by Mr. Barrie's humorous habit, we are plagued with comic fancies about the relations between the Dominie and Margaret till his character is fully revealed, and we repent of all our depreciatory fancies, and admire him unreservedly as a very noble conception.

W. M.

THE INCARNATION OF THE SON OF GOD.*

In 'Lux Mundi' Mr. Gore and his coadjutors made a much-needed, and to a considerable extent successful attempt to show that the Catholic Creed of Christendom, when intelligently interpreted, does not find any discovery of modern science or ascertained result of recent criticism alien to it. In the present volume Mr. Gore pursues the same useful line of inquiry, and selecting the central truth of Christianity, the Incarnation, aims at showing that "however slowly and painfully, the old faith [in Christ as the Incarnate Son of God] is being brought out in harmony not only with our moral needs and social aspirations, but also with that knowledge of nature and that historical criticism which are the special growth of our time." In prosecuting this design Mr. Gore is on the whole successful. He is especially so in the exhibition of Christ as supernatural yet natural. Here his freshest point is that nature admits of fresh departures, of moments when a fresh beginning seems to be made. That this is so is written in the geological record, and is very strikingly emphasised by Russell Wallace in connection with the introduction of man. It is quite in accordance, then, with this natural evolutionary law that the new spiritual life should be introduced by One who was Himself not contained in what had gone before, but was a new kind of nature. This argument has been used before, but it is probably original to Mr. Gore. In exhibiting the coincidence of the results of modern criticism with the belief in the Incarnation, the statement is excellent, but more argument was required. No notice is taken of the idea held by more than one critic of name that the passages in the writings of St. Paul which are usually held to support the Incarnation of the Son of God, really involve that the Incarnate Being was not Divine, but the Ideal or Heavenly Man. The passages also from the Gospel of St. Mark which are cited as decisive are still held not to be so by men whose sincerity and learning give weight to their opinions. But even this chapter abounds in critical suggestions of extraordinary ingenuity, and contains a few sen-

* 'The Incarnation of the Son of God, being the Bampton Lectures for the year 1891.' By Charles Gore, M.A., Principal of Pusey House. (John Murray.) 7s. 6d.

tences on the Resurrection of Christ, which introduce a new point of view and are likely to carry conviction. In speaking of Christ as the source of authority in religion, he has much that is interesting to say regarding the Church as the teaching body and the Scriptures as the criterion of the teaching, but readers of this chapter will be disappointed to find no discussion of the question which at present presses heavily on many inquirers: To what extent is the authority of the Apostles binding; is every argument and illustration to be accepted, or is it enough if I accept the substance of what they deliver?

Mr. Gore has written a serious and inspiring book, full of sober, fresh, and well-digested thought; a book which will delight and strengthen all Christians, and which will everywhere command respect. Behind every page we feel the presence of a robust, fearless, yet modest faith, and of a mind that exults in difficulties rather than shrinks from them. It springs straight from the living fountain of Christian faith. Its theological learning is veiled under a perfect literary dress, and is disguised by the ease with which it is employed. Few books of modern times are fuller of interesting suggestions or touch felicitously so many fruitful ideas. The book should become as popular as 'Lux Mundi,' and sensible persons will overlook his obtrusion of the "crucifix," and even, though with more difficulty, his extraordinary omission of all reference to that death for sin which the Epistle to the Hebrews so prominently presents as one motive of the Incarnation.

MARCUS DODS.

LYRA HEROICA.*

These poems have been "collected and arranged" in excellent type upon excellent old-fashioned paper. The same taste has not presided over the decoration of the cover. A collection of heroic poetry is a novel and promising idea; so also is "a book of verse for boys"; but the two things are not quite synonymous. For boy readers fall under two distinct classes. The normal British boy naturally prefers prose, and if he has to read poetry will only endure the verse for the sake of the thrilling adventure or fun of which it is the tiresome vehicle. The abnormal boy—the possible Keats or Shelley—who really cares for poetry will never be satisfied with heroics; for these in fact his taste must come with riper years; what he wants is romance and plenty of it: the whole of Spenser—not scraps, the whole of Tasso, and even of Ariosto. Will such deep intoxication on romance do him more harm than the discreet tippling of heroics? Not if he is born one of the elect. Will it do him good? Well, it will hardly train him up for the mess-room or the Stock Exchange, but it may turn him out a poet; at any rate this is how born poets have been made, and probably always will be made.

Mr. Henley can hardly hope to content both classes. Surely the normal boy will skip Wordsworth's sonnets on Venice, Destiny, Milton and Motherland, and scratch his own head in perplexity over Meredith's "Head of Bran." On the other hand there are boys—at any rate there was once one who felt a shame-faced loathing at having to learn and repeat at school Macaulay's ultra-bellicose, carpet-knight Jingoisms. In short, boys will be boys, or at best nondescripts. We share Mr. Henley's partiality for most of his favourite pieces, and approve of the space he has devoted to recent poems, such as the fine examples of Doyle, Cory, Lyall and Dobson. Of course no two readers will ever agree as to the claims of every piece in so large a collection—some doubtless will welcome even Tennyson's terribly "Heavy Brigade"—so we will refrain from carping at Mr. Henley's choice. Two mild protests, however, must be put in. One as to the novel and not always felicitous names which he has invented for well-known pieces. Thus the Isles of Greece becomes "The Glory that was Greece," Tom Bowling, "The Perfect Sailor," the Burial of Sir John Moore, "After Corunna," and Johnson's epitaph on Levett, "The Quiet Life." This last gem by the way never read better than it does here contrasted with so much rough music.

The other protest we would venture is against the unfamiliar, if not incorrect readings sometimes adopted. For instance, in his version of Shirley's famous poem we find seven variations from our recollection of the oldest edition, which is confirmed in four of the cases by Palgrave's version. None are improvements, but the reverse. Again, in Lovelace's "To Althea," "birds" are changed to "Gods" in the line, "The birds that wanton in the air." Of course Mr. Henley may crush us with chapter and verse, and point to early editions, so we will only add that the treatment of Campbell seems rather arbitrary. His somewhat flimsy Napoleonic legend is preferred to "Hohenlinden" as being "less pretentious and rhetorical." Mr. Henley omits three stanzas of "The Battle of the Baltic," by which he "at least gets rid of the chief that gave a country's wounds relief by stopping a battle, and eliminates the mermaid and her song (the song that 'condoles')." To which heroic effort of criticism we will only retort that Campbell did not say "relief," but "repose," which is a very different thing, and that a nice scholar would perhaps rather let "the mermaid's song *condole*" than "*eliminate* the mermaid" altogether.

Y. Y.

* 'Lyra Heroica.' A Book of Verse for Boys. Selected and arranged by W. E. Henley. (Nutt.) 6s.

PHILIP MARSTON'S LAST POEMS.*

Some sixteen or eighteen years ago, before the writers of "platitude sweetened with sound" had begun to lay themselves out for the Laureateship by soliciting from her Majesty, the nobility and gentry, the favour of a trial of their latest Jubilee ode, the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti and the late William Bell Scott were reading Philip Marston's first volume, 'Songtide,' together; and Rossetti, out of the fulness of his heart, wrote to Marston that it was not too much to say of his 'Garden Secrets' that they were "worthy of Shakespeare in his subtlest lyrical mood." This was high praise from so competent a judge as Rossetti, and when it became known it led to Marston's work being looked forward to with no little interest. Since then two volumes of poems by the blind singer have been published and well received, and now there comes to us, as a first instalment, a volume entitled 'A Last Harvest,' which contains the pick of Marston's posthumous poems, and which has been edited by his intimate friend, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton. To this long-expected work the lover of poetry will turn with no little anticipation and curiosity, and in it he will find cause alike for disappointment and for delight—for disappointment inasmuch as the 'Garden Secrets' are distinctly inferior to those contained in Marston's previous volumes; and for delight because in it there are to be found some of the loveliest lyrics and many of the mellowest sonnets which the blind poet ever wrote. Diffuseness, repetition, and monotony of theme, the defects which militated against the success of his earlier work, are by no means absent in this his final volume; but, on the other hand, if 'A Last Harvest' contains nothing of such striking originality as 'The Rose and the Wind' of *Songtide*, 'Not Thou, but I' of *All in All*, or 'No Death' of *Wind Voices*, a very much higher level of artistic workmanship is sustained throughout. The most original and characteristic poem is undoubtedly 'Love's Lost Pleasure House,' but the feature which gives 'A Last Harvest' its special interest and value is the exceptional excellence of the sonnets. Of these it may be said that there is scarcely one which is not sweet, graceful, and melodious; and indeed it would be difficult to instance any recent volume of poems which contains so many admirable sonnets as are to be found in the sheaf which Mrs. Moulton has gleaned from the harvest-field from which Philip Marston was so suddenly called. Of the 'Last Garden Secrets,' contained in this volume, 'A Ruined Garden,' a very beautiful but mournful lyric, is the most remarkable. The other poems included under this heading call for no special notice, as they have already appeared in the "Selection" from Marston's works which was made by Mr. William Sharp for the "Canterbury Poets."

We recommend 'A Last Harvest' very cordially to our readers' notice. With the 'Garden Secrets' they may be

* 'A Last Harvest: Lyrics and Sonnets from the Book of Love.' By Philip Bourke Marston. Edited, with Biographical Introduction, by Louise Chandler Moulton. (London: Elkin Matthews, Vigo-street.)

disappointed, but the sonnets and lyrics they will find delightful and charming. Mrs. Moulton's pathetic little Introduction is gracefully and simply written, and lends additional interest to a book which every lover of poetry will enjoy.

ESSAYS ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

'Essays on English Literature,' by Edmond Scherer, is a very remarkable book, and possesses an exceptional interest as being sound French criticism with nothing either extravagant or unsympathetic about it. Indeed, at first sight the book may be almost said to be disappointing, because we are so used to unintelligent criticism on our habits and literature from the other side of the Channel, that we are rather flattered than otherwise at being violently handled, and extract a good deal of amusement out of the process. Even M. Taine's 'History of English Literature,' which forms the subject of one of these essays, and is a work of deep if somewhat capricious insight, suffers from these faults. M. Taine spoke of England as the land where everything was saturated with water, even the enormous whiskers of the men and the great boots with which they splash through their marshes.

We are used to this, and, on the whole, rather like it; but there is such a grave sanity about M. Scherer, and such a perfect freedom from the tricks and affectations of criticism, that any one, however slightly acquainted with his work through Mr. Matthew Arnold's well-known essay, in the Mixed Essays, on a 'French Critic of Milton,' will be glad to increase that acquaintance, and, indeed, ought to have the chance of doing so. We must, however, say that it is more like English criticism than French. M. Scherer had an English mother, and knew English both to speak and read, in a way that Mr. Saintsbury, who writes the preface, tells us caused him to be mistaken in London for a Scotch minister.

M. Scherer has not the least wish to display his own wit or sagacity at the expense of his author, or to identify himself with the author's reputation, and thus be borne complacently along, like the fly on the engine in Hans Andersen's story; his only wish is to dive into his author's mind, and give a sound reason for a decided preference. The only author in the book that he may be said to attack, is Carlyle, and knowing as we do from the introduction, something of M. Scherer's balanced and reasonable, if somewhat sceptical, spirit, no one will feel surprised at that. The most interesting essays in the book are the essay on Milton, the three on George Eliot—especially the second for acuteness, and the last for appreciation—that on 'Endymion,' and that on 'Wordsworth, and Modern Poetry in England.' The only essay that seems to us inadequate is the essay on 'Laurence Sterne, or the Humourist,' and almost the only point where we cannot endorse Mr. Saintsbury's critical judgment is his admiration of Scherer's definition of humour. The analysis seems to us far too precise, and the formula of definition too comprehensive: there is a large and irrational element in laughter which is not at all covered by saying that it arises from the contradiction between the use of a thing and its intention. The youngest children will find amusement in a Chinese name or a parrot's eye, where there is no such philosophical motive.

The book altogether is a most valuable contribution to critical literature. Perhaps no criticism plays much of a part in the march of humanity; but the qualities of justice and insight, in whatever region they are displayed, are admirable. Mr. Saintsbury's translation is brilliant: one can hardly believe it a translation as one reads, were it not for a few phrases like 'at the foot of the letter,' which we cannot call anything but a parody. Not the least interesting thing in the volume is the introduction containing a sketch of Scherer's life and work, by Mr. Saintsbury, which prepares the reader to a certain extent, as we have said, for the surprises of the book, and is in itself a very graceful piece of writing. The only thing we should find fault with, and it is a minute point enough, is that Mr. Saintsbury uses in his preface, without equivalents, a number of French words and expressions, several of which are so idiomatic in character that a knowledge of them by the ordinary reader would imply an acquaintance with French that would certainly be able to dispense with a translation in the case of M. Scherer. That M. Scherer should be translated at all is, however, a hopeful sign of our literary growth; that he should be so well translated is, perhaps, the most encouraging sign of all.

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

* 'Essays on English Literature.' By Edmond Scherer. Translated by George Saintsbury. (Sampson Low and Co.) 6s.

ANGLING SKETCHES.*

These sketches are for the delight and consolation of those who angle unsuccessfully or not at all. This is not a volume of the 'Badminton Library.' Father Izaak had far more to say concerning the habits of fishes and the science of catching them. His "little merriment" is only thrown in as a flavour. Stoddart, too, the veteran of Tweedside, gravely discussed "the identity of the finnock and the orange-fin smelt," the effects of transplanting trout, and such like weighty questions, and put his sentiment and his merriment in orthodox fashion into verse. Mr. Lang does otherwise and less, for which non-anglers will feel grateful. It is enough for him if he speaks technically of the difficulties to be met with in a particular loch or burn, for the discouragement of the crowd of Cockneys that people quiet places with their unwelcome company. He says he is a "duffer." Perhaps—we do not know—he speaks truly. In spite of Walton and Stoddart there is always a danger of success proving too absorbing, and had his "pannier" been heavier he might have had less time for the fine superfluities of the craft, that lend the charm to these present 'Sketches.' The boatman's legends, the memories of a Border boyhood, the light out of other days by Lochleven side and Yarrow, the personal contests with stubborn, sly, and unaccountable fishy nature, the consciousness of distance from Fleet Street and Kensington, have been their inspirations, and have been given bright and fitting expression. As to the narratives, we feel bound to say we resent the intrusion of 'The Double Alibi.' We expect whatever Mr. Lang writes to have a literary flavour, but even on an unprofessional angling expedition, we have little interest in the trouble caused by a Theocritus on blue paper bound by Longpierre, even though the victim of that treasure did retire to fish in Loch Nan, and live in a whisky still. We prefer the hideous, the sublime ungallantry of 'The Lady or the Salmon?' In descriptions of nature, Mr. Lang, skilful as he is, could probably never be a master. He has too good a memory, too appreciative, too well-educated a mind. Scott or some one else would always be whispering something in his ear. And there is a certain literary consciousness which is never long enough absent. The poems of Hogg must serve as a fly-book. But we say this, not as a reproach to these pages and pictures, for they are a real incentive to idleness—and what better could be said?—and must charm all, be they anglers or not, who are

> "Wooers of the western wind,
> Watchers of the April morn."

* 'Angling Sketches.' By Andrew Lang. (Longmans.) 7s. 6d.

IN THE STRANGER PEOPLE'S COUNTRY.†

That this is a novel with a distinct character of its own those who have read 'The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain,' will not be surprised to learn. It gives the lie to the mistaken idea that only a highly civilised society is a fitting background for the subtle play of human motives and the complexities of human nature. On the contrary, half the fine shades are rubbed out in the civilising process. All the events that come out of Leonard Rhodes' election campaign must be learnt from the book itself. Rhodes plays the popular candidate to perfection, and the absolute indifference of the mountaineers to his arts and wiles almost strikes as much astonishment into us as it did to him. But it is the mountaineers themselves that claim our chief

† 'In the Stranger People's Country.' By Charles Egbert Craddock. (Osgood.) 6s.

interest, even the least of them—the lady whose sorrow in life is a dyspeptic husband, indifferent to her genius for cooking, Adelaide Yates, the colossal, inarticulate image of faithfulness, and the two central figures, Fee Guthrie and Letitia. Fee is a difficult character to grasp, with his alternate moods of savage vengeance, religious exaltation, and pathetic tenderness, but we believe in him. Litt is a sprite with an intimate knowledge of the ways of the world and of human nature. As she flits about in her light blue homespun, using her sharp tongue, she is exasperating and fascinating; and our hearts ache for her in the long days of unfulfilled hope that must follow the close of the story. Let us not forget "leetle Mose," the great Dagon, silent, despotic, glowering, with the fate of a household in his gaze, and, before he has done cutting his teeth, the worst reputation in the countryside. We do not like to suggest continuations, but we feel there is a great future for "leetle Mose." Rhodes wheedles his would-be constituents, Fee waits on Letitia's glances, Buck Cleever lies and steals; but there are others playing a silent part—the "Stranger People," sleeping in the solemn environment of the Smoky Mountain. Who they were, whether "pygmy dwellers" of prehistoric Tennessee, or Aztec children, or dead infant Cherokees, none knows. But their neighbourhood has struck a superstitious awe into the mountaineers, and the quiet from their burying-ground casts a subduing influence on those still stirring above. There is somewhat less buoyancy in the story than one is wont to expect from across the Atlantic, and an air of sunset over the whole—a kind of melancholy springing from the memory of these "ancient forgotten peoples of this old hemisphere we are wont to deem so new." But it has, what many as remarkable books have not, fascination.

WRITERS AND READERS.*

Dr. Birkbeck Hill's 'Writers and Readers' is in the best sense of the word a desultory book; it would not be fair to judge it by the strict canons of literary criticism.

It consists of six literary lectures, which are not so much lectures in reality, as easy discursive conversations on literary and kindred subjects, ranging from such topics as Athleticism and the influence of London on character and literature, down to personal reminiscences and autobiographical confessions of an intimate kind, and even admit such compositions as a not very happy parody of the author's on Dr. Johnson's 'Vanity of Human Wishes.' The first lecture, on false literary judgments and the verdict of posterity, is by far the best, and here Dr. Birkbeck Hill's varied knowledge and wide literary sympathy have full scope. In fact, we could have wished the subject extended through another lecture; we could have desired more instances of perspicuity, such as Hume congratulating Home, author of the play of 'Douglas' (from which comes the celebrated soliloquy, "My name is Norval"), and saying, "You possess the true theatric genius of Shakespeare and Otway, refined from the unhappy barbarism of the one and licentiousness of the other." It is interesting, too, to find Southey citing William Taylor's criticism with serene self-approval, that 'Madoc' was the best English poem that had left the press since 'Paradise Lost'; "indeed," he continues, "this is not exaggerated praise, as unfortunately there is no competition." Again, Southey's statement that the History of Brazil will be to the Brazilians what Herodotus is to Europe, is a startling dogmatism.

The lectures have no particular arrangement, and the next three consist of a large number of instances of revolutions in literary taste; Dr. Birkbeck Hill so thoroughly adopts George Eliot's well-known maxim, "Of all the errors we commit, prophecy is the most gratuitous," that it is rather distressing to find him expending so much laborious breath in the praise of Carlyle and Ruskin. The generation that was dazzled by the rhetoric of the former is even now passing away, as such a critic as Edmond Scherer clearly saw, and the literary critic is becoming daily more alive to his odious affectations; Mr. Ruskin's popularity as a writer of English shows no signs of waning as yet, though it is doubtful whether his works will survive the refutation of the artistic principles that they uphold.

The remaining two lectures are on the study of literature as a part of education; and these are, we think, decidedly inferior to the first four. In lecture five, Dr. Birkbeck Hill falls foul of the growing tendency of athleticism and the reading of sporting newspapers, in a species of Jeremiad that is somewhat depressing; no doubt athletics are somewhat over-organised in our schools; but what warrant has Dr. Hill for saying that "the delightful naturalness of games is known no more"? The last lecture, on the influence of early education on a taste for literature, is interesting, but is still too pessimistic in tone; we cannot help feeling that critics like Dr. Birkbeck Hill, possessed of a fine and sympathetic insight into literature, can do far more by engendering the intellectual curiosity, which is at the root of all improvement, than by lamenting a decadence which is more fanciful than real.

One more general criticism we must make. Dr. Birkbeck Hill's pre-eminence as a Johnsonian scholar, and his marvellous familiarity with the words of the king of critics, dispose him to a too liberal citation of his great exemplar. Johnson is too frequently quoted; but more than this, perhaps unconsciously, Dr. Hill has caught, as Burke said, "the contortions of the Sibyl without her inspiration"; his mode of statement is Johnsonian; his humour is Johnsonian. But we are apt to forget that Johnson's wit was often only saved from being undignified by being conversational; and though, as Goldsmith remarked, Johnson not unfrequently knocked you down with the butt-end of the pistol, it was only when the pistol missed fire. We may perhaps quote a single instance. Dr. Hill talks of "some editor, a harmless drudge, swamping the text of Carlyle beneath an inundation of footnotes." This is no doubt an ironical cut at his own profession, but it is too direct an adaptation of Dr. Johnson's definition of the lexicographer.

But we have no wish to be ungracious to what is evidently only intended as an ephemeral production. A candid judgment, copious knowledge and deep literary sympathy, are visible throughout the book, and of these qualities we can never have too much. A. C. B.

* 'Writers and Readers.' By Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill. (Fisher Unwin.) 5s.

ERASMUS AND OTHER ESSAYS.*

Of the nine essays which compose this volume, five originally appeared in the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*, and the other four are not so dissimilar as to be out of place beside them. The most elaborate ones are the most satisfying—Erasmus, Maurice, Christianity and Civilisation. Dr. Dods gets room in these to exhibit his quality as a Christian thinker. All that he writes is characteristic, yet he is never eccentric or unbalanced. The dates appended to one or two of the essays, and carrying us back from twenty to thirty years, are perhaps meant to serve an apologetic purpose; but on almost every page we are sensible that a truly experienced mind is speaking to us—sober, realistic, sound in judgment, rich in the spoils of literature and life. The ethical criticisms in these essays, and ethical criticism enters largely into all, are uniformly convincing and felicitous. The brief studies on the relation of art and of slavery to the Christian religion, forming part of the paper on Christianity and Civilisation, condense without effort, and in the simplest words, whatever of wise and good need be said on these great subjects. As a specimen of theological criticism, masterly alike in its appreciation and its censure, it would be hard to find anything better than the essay on Maurice. The tone of a periodical inevitably affects its contributors, and there are turns of expression in this book which one imputes involuntarily to the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review* rather than to Dr. Dods; but this admirable study has none of them. Its insight into the theological method of Maurice is complete, and it is most instructive to see how the positivist in theology, who checks himself at every instant by the appeal to experience,

* 'Erasmus and other Essays.' By Marcus Dods, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.) 5s.

discounts the results of the ardent speculator. The general reader should not be frightened from this book by its apparently theological character. Hippolytus may be too much for him, but if Clement of Alexandria were always himself as interesting as he is in Dr. Dods' pages, a volume of selections from the *Stromateis* would be the book of the season.

WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE.*

There is hardly anything more unaccountable than the coldness and neglect with which the Poems and Essays of William Caldwell Roscoe were received on their publication in 1860. They contained perhaps the very best thing Mr. R. H. Hutton has ever written—a vivid and delicate character sketch called a memoir. The poetry showed no little power, both dramatic and lyrical. *Violenzia*, in particular, was worthy to stand with the *Saint's Tragedy*. The critical essays, which appeared in the *National Review* side by side with those of Bagehot, Martineau, Greg, Hutton, and many others, were among the most beautiful, subtle, and profound of the century; it is not too much to say that they might be ranked with Hazlitt's. We know no such perfect appreciation of conscious art as distinguished alike from naked realism and artificial embroidery. In spite of all, the book fell dead. We are grateful therefore to Miss Roscoe and to Messrs. Macmillan for this beautiful edition of the poems. It contains a few additions—none of great importance. The bibliography is very defective. We may indeed infer that *Violenzia* was published anonymously in 1851 (which it was), an important fact when it is remembered that the Spasmodic School reached its zenith in that year. It is, we think, much to be regretted that *Eliduke* was not left out, and its place taken by Mr. Hutton's memoir—still more to be regretted that the essays were not chosen for publication. It is by these, not by his verses, that Mr. Roscoe will live; and a republication, with one or two omissions and additions, would be a real benefit. They are rich in the very qualities which current criticism most lacks.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

The first number of THE BOOKMAN *has been reprinted in a fourth edition, from newly set type, and may be had from all booksellers. It contains the regulations for the Young Author's Page, which those sending MSS. are requested to read carefully.*

Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.

MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.

ADVENA.—Your story is of an awkward length, neither long nor short, but the situation is good. You might cut it down by the length of several pages, at the same time making the language a little less stilted.

ALGUIEN.—The verses are above the average. You could probably do very good work in religious verse.

ALIQUIS.—Your subjects are prettily chosen, especially that of No. 1. But many of the lines are very irregular.

ALPHA points out to us that it was Vence, not Venice, that was spoken of in her story as being near Antibes. We send our apologies.

LUCY ASHTON.—Too many commonplaces, such as, "The best way to form a true idea of a writer is to study carefully both his life and his works." As a piece of criticism the essay has no value, but, were you to revise it, it might possibly find admission to a girl's paper.

A. B.—You say you are "in a humour to go on *ad. infin.*" That's a bad sign. The lengthy orators of "bye-pass pipe" fame will not be silenced by mere strictures. Draw their several portraits. To be a satirist of local manners you must write with a more picturesque pen. "Spoke" is not a participle.

J. B.—You might write a defence of Controversy in prose to console yourself for your failure in verse. But first try to break down that wall of gravity which permits you to say, "'Tis not hard to find the reason, Or to answer if it is so; Different men have different reasons. That's the answer." You must find a better one.

J. S. B.—Your characters are too mysterious. Instead of always choking their voices with tears you should make them speak their minds out. Wait till your ideas clear a bit before writing any more. You have evidently a keen feeling for nature.

M. C. B. has taken our advice and finished the sketch sent last time. The ending does not spoil it, at least. There is some humour, and an excellent moral in the little story.

R. C. B.—Stanzas 6 and 8 are good. The rest are weak.

BEE.—Your story of the jewel would be an "awful warning" were it not full of improbabilities. It is brightly written. The Alpine tale is poor. In dealing with ordinary conventional life don't treat crimes of theft and violence as if they were matters of hourly occurrence.

M. C. BORTHWICK.—The 'Song of Life' is the best of your verses, but it is rather commonplace. "Zero" rhymes conveniently with "hero," but in your sentimental lines it seems a little out of place. Neither are "rhythm" and "with them," to use your own words, "the subtlest of rhymes."

BYONE.—Your essay begins to be of value at p. 7. A country paper might print it. To any other the matter would be hardly fresh enough. "Literarism" for "literary qualities," and "regularly-wrought fellow-men" for "men of regular occupation," won't do.

CANADIAN.—Your few lines hardly call for remark. They are not very promising.

CEDRIC.—The 'Day's Fishing' is dull. You give too many unimportant details and use too much slang. The essay on A. L. G. is better, but it is that of a mere beginner in criticism. "Tricks of the trade" is not an accurate description of marks of literary finish.

CLYMENUS.—In your 'Elfin Song' the elves tread very heavily. The other seems to be an echo of something we have often heard before.

DAFFODIL.—There is much grace of fancy in your story, and you avoid the vagueness and sickliness that so often are found in allegorical writing.

G. H. D.—We cannot commend your verses on Shelley.

AYRON DOON.—A well-written tale. You might give a clearer indication how Evans made his fortune, and make a little more evident the defect in his character that had made him put off the atonement so long.

DORIS.—Why is a poet not an author? This is not a riddle, but an inquiry suggested by your paper. Browning (for your consolation) counts his admirers by thousands, not by ones. Your essay is very poor.

DREAMER.—Wake up and read your own verses aloud, and find out the defects in metre. We don't think you should write verse.

F. E.—You show an appreciation and an observation of nature. In No. 2, for "clads" use "clothes." The rhythm is hardly a fitting one to describe the quiet of evening.

P. E. ELLIS.—Your songs are very much above the average, especially 'The Death of Love,' though we doubt if line 4 of stanza 1 would sing well. The other is more commonplace, but the sentiment is popular. We hope you may be successful in having them set to music.

P. EDEN.—Your amiability under criticism is admirable, and more commendable than any literary qualities. Of the thirteen poems (!) you send, 'Bonny Elliotside' is the best, though the lines, "I sought ayont the sea My fortunes in fair Ceylon's isle In cultivating tea" are disturbing. The street Arab does not "despise all caste or charm." He knows too little of either. "Dead bones rising on wings" is not a pretty picture. But we fear your rhyming habit is incurable.

FAHOCH.—Unlike your own pilgrims your language is not strange but only too familiar. Something like your first lines we have heard before. We do not recommend you to write more verse.

FAITH.—There are several Scotticisms in the tale. "Well-known" is not used in its accepted meaning. The story is feeble. We don't see how the hero's trial was to turn out for his good. Perhaps he thought no more irrelevant thoughts in church.

FLYING SCUD.—The humorous note in your writing is probably the strongest, but there is a slight tendency to over-smartness. 'Natural Magic' has a true poetical ring about it.

M. E. FRANCIS.—Ever so much better than the last story you sent. This one is an excellent piece of work, and we hope to see it in print.

E. A. S. W. G.—Your horrible and extraordinary story reminds us of Poe. It seems to be told in rather a heavy way; but we may be doing it injustice, the MS. being very illegible.

H. A. G.—You might send your carefully-written tale to a Church magazine. It would have little chance elsewhere.

J. G.—The sketch begins very well. It drags towards the end, when your observations on this interesting fishing village become too general. One or two other characters besides the smith might have been drawn.

GIS.—A pretty sketch; but such a thing wants more finish than you have given it.

GOW.—'Flock-enclosing fold' has less meaning than would

* 'Poems by the late William Caldwell Roscoe.' Edited by his daughter, Elizabeth Mary Roscoe. (Macmillan.) 7s.

appear. 'God-wishful ways' is not intelligible. Then your paraphrase of a fine original is wordy and weak.

W. H.—In the weaving country your verses might have a special interest. The last stanza, and especially its two last lines, are not so good as the rest.

HERONDAS.—You must have forgotten to send the last part. The only interest in the situation would consist in knowing whether he did or did not find Her, and that you don't tell.

IXE.—The tale would be very suitable reading for village girls. The story has no special merit of its own.

T. J.—The verses are pretty, but they want spontaneity. They read like something we have often read before.

JEAN.—A poor story. You are probably very young, and we should advise you to put a good deal more into your mind before you try to draw more out. At least wait a year or two before attempting further writing.

JUVENIX.—The same fault that makes you prefer to speak of a nose as "proboscis" runs all through the tale. The slang is sometimes unintelligible.

ADAM LAWES.—Very fair, considering your age. We doubt if children would have thought it a very attractive dream, except for the fairy revels, which are prettily described.

M. L.—We have wept over the fate of little Charlie, or Charles Johnson as his mother respectfully called him when addressing the angels, notwithstanding that "her temper was strange and queer." The case was one more for the coroner than for versification, and we hope M. L. will not harrow his friends by this recitation.

LUNATIC.—Under the circumstances you name your writing is creditable. You have hardly got your hand in yet. We shall be glad to examine another contribution when you have given yourself a little more practice.

G. M.—There are poor lines in 'Disappointed,' as, for instance, l. 3, stanza 3, but the feeling is poetical. No. 2 is involved and harsh-sounding.

R. M.—Your story is told in an unaffected way, but it is bald. Your heroine is a bully. Could you not make her the means of the doctor's regeneration, rather than leave that interesting process in the hands of one who does not properly come into the story at all?

S. M.—The tale is not very well written, but you have an evident sense of fun, and this is not the best you could do, we are sure.

MARION is probably a little girl. Her verses are not precocious, and that is a very good sign.

ELSIE MARLEY.—Your story is bright and clever, though it reminds one of the immortal Alice. The fun, if a trifle cynical, is good fun. Your talent for writing children's stories is evident.

MODUS.—There are a good many reasons why your tale has not found favour in editors' eyes. Such parentheses as in the first sentence and on p. 3; the use of "pelf" for money; "penates" when you mean chairs and tables, and many similar instances, are enough to account for it. There is an overstrained attempt at being smart which is painful. And is it not incongruous that the young man who reads Browning and Meredith, and who "doesn't care a rap" for any but intellectual society, should, in the story, make his only appearance in society betting on horses and playing cards for money?

MONK.—You could probably do better work. "Solitude unfair" is not happy. "Summer again" is the best of the poems, but it wants re-touching. Who or what is the angel in sonnet 3?

SUSAN NIPPER.—Evidently youthful attempts, and as such praiseworthy enough. If you had described the revival meeting instead of only speaking of it, it would have been easier to test your powers.

J. T. P.—Your tales have no great merit, though boys might care to read the revolver story.

M. E. O. P.—We doubt if your hope will be realised, but there is a certain simple beauty about 'His Wish.' The others are not very promising. You might train your ear a little better to detect faults of rhythm.

PAX.—You have not been very successful in this attempt.

PEDESTER.—Why say what you say in A in verse form? B is better, but we advise you to stick to prose.

PURITANS.—Your poem wants a commentary and notes. Even Browning, evidently your master, marked out his situations more clearly than you do. But there are good, strong lines in what you have written.

W. RAYMOND.—We hope something more may come of the poetical labours you describe.

RASSELAS.—Not a bad story, but not very skilfully told. We doubt if your consummate villains would have cheated so foolishly as you have made them do.

A. RICKETTS.—There is a healthy tone about your paper, and it is brightly written.

M. S. makes a mistake in thinking Richardson unappreciated at the present day, and the air of taking him down from a dusty book-shelf as a discovery takes away from the value of a carefully written paper. The essay on Boswell, having some new matter in it, would be more likely than the others to find admission to a magazine.

SARTOR.—The verses are very much above the average. There is a subdued beauty about them which is rare enough; though the figure of speech in stanza 1, beginning "To share," is slightly overstrained, and sprays can hardly be said to make a forest.

AUBREY SCOTT.—Your allegory is very pretty, but it is not first-rate. The Dream Maid has other moods, which you have not suggested.

J. T.—The circumstances under which your verses were written claim indulgence for them, and we must commend the attempts you have made. Verse-making is probably with you its own reward.

J. P. J. TOXTETHE.—We don't feel convinced as to the correctness of your surmise concerning the gentleman who conducted himself in so theatrical a fashiôn in the Fleet-street court. You might try a definite story next time.

TRY AGAIN.—This is not above the standard of an ordinary schoolgirl's letter to an indulgent friend. Not nearly as good as your last attempt.

HUGH TUDOR.—It isn't witty for a wife to call her husband a "hobsolete turnip" or a "'Gyptian mummy without a corffin." Your version of 'The Taming of the Shrew' wants a good deal of pruning.

V. V. V.—You are right in thinking the Rondeau the best, but its sombre tone hardly befits the secret joy it speaks of. The others have less merit.

WERDMOR.—The subject is very original, and the lamentation of the "last horse" is pathetic. But the verses as a whole are dreary.

WIRULA'S poems show some power of imagination and feeling for harmony.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Baker, A.—Outlines of Logic, Psychology, and Ethics, 4/6....Percival
Barrett, R.S.—Thought Seed for Holy Seasons, 8vo, 2/6 Griffith & Farran
Bate, G.—How did Christianity and Gospels Originate? cr. 8vo, 2/6 Bate
Benson, Archbishop.—Living Theology, crown 8vo, 3/6 .....Low
[*A collection of fifteen sermons, the earlier being the best. There is a portrait and an imperfect bibliography.*]
Boucher, J. S.—Manual of Doctrine and Practical Notes for Church Teachers, cr. 8vo, 2/6 cl., Griffith and Farran
Caughey, Rev. J.—Revival Sermons and Addresses..... Dickinson
[*The discourses of an American revivalist.*]
Church, A. J.—Stories from the Bible. Second series, 3/6..Macmillan
[*Tolerably done, with notes and some illustrations after Julius Schnorr.*]
Computation (The) of 666 and its Relation to Anti-Christian Systems, 8vo, 10/6..Nisbet
Dods, M.—Erasmus & other Essays, post 8vo, 5/-..Hodder & Stoughton
Duff, D.—The Early Church, 8vo, 12/6.....T. and T. Clark
[*A collection of class lectures by a United Presbyterian Professor in Edinburgh. Not intended for publication, but of value and interest.*]
Farrer, J. A.—Paganism and Christianity, cr. 8vo, 6/- .....Black
[*An attempt to show that Christianity means retrogression.*]
Fiat Lux! or Rays of Light from Practical Philosophy, cr. 8vo, 5/- *Bromsgrove Messenger*
Fullerton, W.Y.—Gospel Pictures in Bible Stories. Passmore & Alabaster
[*Aims, to quote its own words, at "sugar-coating the message of the Gospel." A collection of short papers or sermons on scriptural themes, abundantly illustrated with anecdotes.*]
Gore, C.—Incarnation of the Son of God, 8vo, 7/6 .....Murray
Gough, E.—The Bible True from the Beginning, vol. v., 16/- Kegan Paul
Granger, M. E.—Advent Readings, cr. 8vo, 3/6 ....Griffith and Farran
Guide to the Apocalypse, an Abridgment of Bishop Newton on the Revelation (1792), 6/- .....Kerby
Harris, J. R.—Study of the Codex Bezæ, 8vo, 7/6..Camb. Univ. Press
Howatt, J. R.—The Children's Pulpit, 6/- .....Nisbet
[*Racy and interesting sermons.*]
Kirkpatrick, A.F.—Divine Library of Old Testament, 8vo, 3/6 Macmillan
[*Simple, popular, and thoroughly well-informed lectures, cautiously recommending the critical views of Scripture.*]
Macgregor, J.—Apology of the Christian Religion, 10/6 T. and T. Clark
[*By an Australian minister, formerly Professor in Edinburgh. Hopelessly out of date, but with considerable rough vigour.*]
Magee, Archbishop.—Growth in Grace, 8vo, 7/6 .....Isbister
[*A collection of sermons partly printed before. No allusion is made to the preacher's Bath sermons.*]
Marston, A. W.—Joined to the Lord, crown 8vo, 2/6 ..Marshall Bros.
McConnell, S. D.—Sons of God, cr. 8vo, 4/6 .....Dickinson
Meyer, F. B.—The Life and Light of Men, 12mo, 2/6 Morgan & Scott
Mitchell, E. M.—Study of Greek Philosophy, cr. 8vo, 6/-....E. Arnold
Mozley, T.—The Son, cr. 8vo, 7/6 .....Longmans
Murray, A.—The New Life, 12mo, 2/6 .....Nisbet
Robertson, Rev. J.—Corn on the Mountains, crown 8vo, 3/6....Nisbet
Rutherford, R.—That Good Part, and other Sermons, 5/-....Oliphant
Sermon Bible, Vol. 8: John iv. to Acts vi., large crown 8vo, 7/6 Hodder & Stoughton
[*Contains several hundreds of outlines with thousands of references to sermons on the texts.*]
Sharr, F. J.—Inspiration of Holy Scripture, 8vo, 1/6 Wes. Con. Office
[*Shows next to no knowledge of Old Testament criticism.*]
Stalker, J.—The Preacher and his Models, cr. 8vo, 5/- Hodder & Stoughton.
[*Thoughtful and brilliant studies of Isaiah and St. Paul, with many practical counsels.*]
Sydney (Bishop of) and others, The Church and her Doctrine cr. 8vo, 6/-
Taylor, W. M.—Ruth the Gleaner and Esther the Queen, crown 8vo, 3/6
[*One of a series called 'Bible Biographies.'*] Burnet
Things to Come, cr. 8vo, 6/- .....E. Stock

Wellhausen, J.—Israel and Judah. Third edition .....Black
[*A reprint of Wellhausen's brilliant article in the Encyclopædia Britannica, with a suggestive appendix translated from his Skizzen.*]
White, H.—Echoes from a Sanctuary, cr. 8vo, 5/- .....Hutchinson
[*Tender and pathetic sermons delivered at the Savoy Chapel. A memoir is wanted.*]

NEW EDITIONS.

Headlam, S. D.—Priestcraft and Progress, 1/-.....Hodges
[*Sermons delivered during the writer's curacy at Bethnal Green with the view of showing that the Christian priesthood should be the great agency for Progress.*]
Owen, J.—Religious Aspects of Scepticism, 6d. ..... Nutt
[*A defence of philosophic inquiry, being a lecture delivered at the South Place Institute.*]

FICTION.

Adamson, W.—Robert Milligan's Difficulties .....Morison, Glasgow
[*A story of life in a small Scotch town, told to "promote the cause of evangelical religion and temperance," and written with much sincerity and a good deal of skill.*]
Arden, H. J.—Elizabeth, or Cloud and Sunshine, cr. 8vo, 2/- Chambers
Arkwright, D.—Mrs. Arnold, a Novel, crown 8vo, 6/- .....Masters
Armstrong, A.E.—Three Bright Girls, crown 8vo, 3/6 .....Blackie
[*A pleasant story of the lives of three sisters, their troubles and final happiness.*]
Armstrong, A. E.—Marian, or the Abbey Grange, 2/6 .....Blackie
Atkinson, J. C.—The Last of the Giant Killers, 3/6 .....Macmillan
[*The adventures of Sir Jack of Danby Dale, told in a spirited and fascinating style for children.*]
Baldwin, Mrs. A.—Where Town and Country Meet, 6/- ....Longmans
Baldwin, M. E.—The Heiress of Beechfield, 2 vols, 21/- Digby & Long
[*A novel unexceptionable in tone, but it has the misfortune of having an uninteresting heroine.*]
Balguy, G.—The Bantams of Sheffield, cr. 8vo, 2/6....Leadenhall Press
Barnett, E. A.—Dr. and Mrs. Gold, cr. 8vo, 6/- .....Sonnenschein
Barr, A. E.—She Loved a Sailor, crown 8vo, 3/6 .....J. Clarke
Bell, M.—Sweet Charity, crown 8vo, 2/-.....S.P.C.K.
Bramston, M.—Neal Russell, 3/6 .....Sonnenschein
[*A book for boys. The hero is punished for a crime he has not committed, and lives under a cloud for a time, loyal to the real criminal, to whom he is bound by different ties. The story, however, ends happily.*]
Brown, T. E.—Kitty of the Sherragh Vane, 12mo, 2/6 ..Sonnenschein
Brown, J. E. A.—Ella: Story of Home Worries, 12mo, 1/6 K. Paul & Co.
Browne, W. G. R.—Looking Ahead, 8vo, 2/- .....Henry
[*An anti-Socialist Romance, meant as a counterblast to 'Looking Backward' and works of the kind.*]
Bynner, E. L.—The Chase of the Meteor, cr. 8vo, 5/- .....Brentano
Carey, R. N.—Mary St. John, crown 8vo, 6/- .....Bentley
Church, A. J.—The Burning of Rome, crown 8vo, 5/-.....Seeley
Clare, A.—Standard-Bearers, crown 8vo, 2/- .....S.P.C.K.
Clark, A.—A Dark Place of the Earth, cr. 8vo, 6/- .....Low
Cobban, J. M.—A Reverend Gentleman, cr. 8vo, 4/6.....Chambers
[*A decidedly clever if not very pleasant story.*]
Coleridge, C.R.—Amethyst: the Story of a Beauty, 2 vols, cr. 8vo, 12/- Innes
[*A charming and simple-minded girl goes to live in a "fast" circle, and gains a disagreeable insight into life in consequence. The story is told with a great deal of skill.*]
Coleridge, C. R.—Jack o' Lantborn, 3/6.....Innes
[*Alaric, the hero, is a young English squire, but a wild visionary and social reformer. His chase after Jack o' Lanthorns leads him on the stage, but finally he gives up all his vagaries, and settles down as a respectable married Englishman, with tenants to look after.*]
Combe, T.—Jonquille, or the Swiss Smuggler, crown 8vo, 6/- Percival
Cox, G. W.—Tales of the Gods and Heroes, 3/6 .....K. Paul
Craddock, C.E.—In the 'Stranger People's' Country, cr. 8vo, 6/- Osgood
David Fleming's Forgiveness, 3/6.....Hodder & Stoughton
Davidson, J.—The Great Men and Practical Novelist, 3/6 Ward & Downey
Deane, M.—Three Little Maids, crown 8vo, 5/-.....Innes
[*A bright and lively story for little girls. The three maids are very real children, and their quick invention in their own sports will be heartily enjoyed by other children.*]
Donnelly, I.—Doctor Huguet, a Novel, crown 8vo, 3/6 .....Low
Doudney, S.—The Family Difficulty, crown 8vo, 3/6 .....Hutchinson
Doyle, A. C.—The White Company, 3 vols, post 8vo, 31/6 Smith & Elder
[*A tale of the reign of Edward III. The "wayside ventures" met with by those who follow Sir Nigel's banner are told in a spirited fashion.*]
Ellis, E. S.—The Cabin in the Clearing, cr. 8vo, 2/6.....Nelson
Evelyn, J.—An Inca Queen, or Lost in Peru, crown 8vo, 5/- .....Low
[*A very romantic story. The Inca Queen is discovered to be a European, to her advantage and that of some other people.*]
Falk, D. C.—Rick, or the Recidiviste, crown 8vo, 2/6.....Trischler
Farjeon, B. L.—The Shield of Love, 12mo, 1/6 .....Arrowsmith
Fendall, P.—The Gambler's Secret, 2 vols, cr. 8vo, 21/- Hurst & Blackett
Fenn, G. M.—The Crystal Hunters, crown 8vo, 5/- .....Partridge
[*A story of thrilling adventures that happened to an Englishman, his boy friend, and a guide in the Higher Alps.*]
Fenn, G. M.—The Rajah of Dah, cr. 8vo, 3/6 .....Chambers
Fenn, G. M.—Syd Belton, crown 8vo, 3/6 .....Methuen
Fifty-two Further Stories for Girls, crown 8vo, 5/- .....Hutchinson
Finley, M.—Elsie's Vocation and After Events, cr. 8vo, 2/- Routledge
Fisher, A. G.—Daisy's Story, cr. 8vo, 2/6 .....Houlston
Fletcher, C.—The Bachelor's Baby, 8vo, 2/6 .....Brentano
Fletcher, R. H.—Marjorie and her Papa, illustrated, 4to, 3/6....Unwin
Fuller, H. B.—Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani, crown 8vo, 5/-.....Osgood
Ganconagh.—John Sherman and Dhoya, 1/6 .....Unwin
[*One of the best volumes of the "Pseudonym Library" that has yet appeared. The sleepy hero and the sleepy Irish town are restful to read about.*]
Garland, H.—Main-Travelled Roads.....Unwin
[*These Mississippi Valley stories of hard and rough lives have a special charm of their own. There is an enticing gaiety about them, and the pathos has a true ring.*]
Giberne, A.—The Dalrymples, 3/6 .....Nisbet
[*An unexceptionable story of English family life, but rather dull.*]
Giberne, A.—Won at Last .....Shaw
[*This story for young people tells how Jack, the slow boy of the family, "makes the most of his brains," and is rewarded by the affections of a charming heroine.*]
Glanville, E.—The Fossicker, crown 8vo, 3/6 .....Chatto and Windus
[*A Mashonaland Romance.*]
Gould, S. B.—Freaks of Fanaticism, crown 8vo, 6/- .....Methuen
[*Strange stories from history—they would sound impossible in fiction—of the vagaries of human minds and movements.*]
Gow, G.—Brave and True, crown 8vo, 2/- .....Blackie
[*A collection of short and very simple stories, with evident morals, for little children.*]
Green, E. E.—In the Wars of the Roses, crown 8vo, 2/6 .....Nelson
Green, E. E.—The Lord of Dynevor, crown 8vo, 2/6.....Nelson
Green, E. E.—The Church and the King, 5/-.....Nelson
Hart, M.—From Harvest to Haytime, crown 8vo, 21/- Hurst & Blackett
[*A story of country life. One of the characters forgets his own identity, which causes complications.*]
Hatton, J.—The Princess Mazaroff, 2 vols, crown 8vo, 21/- Hutchinson
Haycraft, M. S.—Like a Little Candle, crown 8vo, 1/6 .....Partridge
[*The "little candle" is a little girl who makes her light to shine in a rather dreary household of cousins, rescues one of them from being burnt alive, and performs many heroic deeds, being rewarded by very unexpected happiness.*]
Henry, L.—The Roll Call, crown 8vo, 3/6 .....Digby & Long
Hewlett, S. S.—The Well-spring of Immortality, 5/- .....Nisbet
Hitchman, M. A.—Maud Beverley, crown 8vo, 6/- .....Digby
Holt, E. S.—Countess Holt .....Shaw
[*A story of the fourteenth century for girls, with a historical background. The stilted language it has been thought necessary to use is its chief defect.*]
Hoppner, J.—Bygone Beauties, crown 8vo, 2/- .....Leadenhall Press
Hyne, C. J.—Stimson's Reef, 2/6 .....Blackie
Iron Chain (The) and the Golden, by A. L. O. E., crown 8vo, 2/6 Nelson
Jamison, C. V.—Lady Jane, imp. 18mo, 7/6 .....Osgood
Janvier, T. A.—The Uncle of an Angel, cr. 8vo, 2/6 .....Brentano
Johnstone, D. L.—Richard Tregellas, cr. 8vo, 3/6 .....Oliphant
[*Tells of a search for treasure in the West Indies.*]
Jókai, M.—Dr. Dumány's Wife, 7/6 net.....Cassells
[*A powerful story of strange events in Hungary. The description of the railway accident is a terrible bit of realism, but there is more delicacy in the treatment of the characters than is usually to be found in the sensational novel.*]
Jones, J.—The Welsh Hermit, crown 8vo, 2/6 .....Jarrold
Kielland, A. L.—Tales of Two Countries, trans. by W. Archer, cr. 8vo, 2/6.....Osgood
Kingsland, S.—The Mystic Quest, crown 8vo, 3/6 .....G. Allen
Kippen, J. M.—Florence Stanley, cr. 8vo, 2/- .....Partridge
Lamb, Ruth.—Work, Wait, Win, 5/-.....Nisbet
[*A tale of boyish perseverance and its reward. The hero, after a childhood spent amid prosperity, is early sent adrift, earns his living first as a ticket-clerk, and gradually makes his way to success.*]
Leith Adams, Mrs.—My Land of Beulah .....Methuen
[*This is a pretty story of a girl's life, with some very delicate workmanship in the delineation of the characters.*]
Leslie, 6/-..... Digby and Long
[*A highly sensational story, containing more than enough of villainy and violence for one volume.*]
Lilian and Lili, crown 8vo, 5/- .....Innes
[*Contains a good deal of skilful delineation of character, especially in the contrast of the English girl and her French cousin whose names give the title to the story.*]
Little Queenie, cr. 8vo, 3/6 .....Shaw
[*A pleasant story of a child's life sixty years ago.*]
Lyall, C. H.—Under the Apple Tree .....Shaw
[*A pretty picture story-book for young children.*]
Macquoid, K. S.—The Prince's Whim, cr. 8vo, 3/6.....Innes
[*The "whim" was a very irritating one, but so is the story of it. Some of the other tales in the volume are bright, and prettily told.*]
Marshall, E.—Hurly-Burly, cr. 8vo, 2/- .....Shaw
Marshall, E.—Little Miss Joy .....Shaw
[*A Yarmouth story for children. The heroine deserves her name, being a very cheerful little person in spite of an accident that ruined her health.*]
Marshall, E.—Those Three, 5/-.....Nisbet
[*The "Three" are girls, and very bright, healthy-minded ones. Other girls will read the book, if not with thrilling interest, at least with quiet pleasure.*]
Marshall, E.—In the Purple, 3/6 .....Nisbet
[*The "purple" is not imperial. The story is a fairly pleasant one, which aims at showing how little essential difference there is between exalted personages and homespun folks.*]
Martin, Mrs. J.—A Knight without Spurs, crown 8vo, 3/6 .....Shaw
[*Ted, the knight, is a humble lad, whose devotion to Judy, his little companion, is the means of raising him out of his wretched surroundings.*]
Matuin, R. L.—Tales of Mystery, 16mo, 3/6 .....Percival
Maxwell, S.—In a Black Mantle, 2/6 .....Griffith and Farran
Meade, L. T.—The Children of Wilton Chase, cr. 8vo, 3/6 ..Chambers
[*Tells of the troubles of Ermengarde, a naughty child, who gets herself and others into many scrapes.*]
Meade, L. T.—The Honourable Miss, a Story of an Old-Fashioned Town, crown 8vo, 3/6 .....Methuen
[*A story, intended for elder girls, of life in a quiet town. But there is plenty of incident, and the quiet is disturbed by even some sensational occurrences.*]
Metcalfe, W. C.—Aboveboard, 5/- .....Nisbet
[*This is a story of the sea for boys, who will find in it almost every kind of adventure, and many hair-breadth escapes.*]
Mercier, Mrs. J.—Arum Field, or Life's Reality, cr. 8vo, 3/6 W. Gardner
Modern Odyssey, crown 8vo, 10/6 .....Cassell
Molesworth, Mrs.—Nurse Heatherdale's Story, cr. 8vo, 4/6 Macmillan

Molesworth, Mrs.—Lucky Ducks, and other Stories, 2/6 ..S. P. C. K.
Moore, G.—Vain Fortune, crown 8vo. 6/- .....Henry
Morris, W.—Story of the Glittering Plain, cr. 8vo, 5/- Reeves & Turner
Moulton, L. C.—Stories Told at Twilight, 12mo, 3/6 .....Stott
[*Tales for children, told with much grace and fancy.*]
Nash, H.—Barerock, crown 8vo, 6/- .....Arnold
[*A book for boys, full of thrilling adventures.*]
Newman, Mrs.—Begun in Jest, 3 vols, crown 8vo. 31/6 .....Murray
Nisbet. H.—The Jolly Roger, 3/6.....Digby and Long
[*A stirring story of sea heroes and pirates, with a dash of the supernatural in it. Shakespeare figures in the tale in a somewhat original fashion.*]
Noble, E.—An Irish Decade, 2/6 .....Digby and Long
[*Three stories of boycotting and "moonlighting."*]
Norway, G.—How Martin Drake found his Father, 5/- .....S. Low
O'Reilly, Mrs.—Joan and Jerry, cr. 8vo, 2/6 .....Chambers
Our Own Fairy Tales, 12mo, 5/- ..... Gibbings
Pearce, J. H.—Inconsequent Lives, 5/- .....Heinemann
[*A tale of life in a Cornish fishing village. The quarrels and troubles of the fisher folk are sordid enough, but there is a restrained pathos in the story which keeps it from being revolting.*]
Piatt, S. M. B.—An Irish Wild Flower, 12mo, 2 6 .....Unwin
Pickering, E.—Silas Verney, crown 8vo, 3/6 .....Blackie
[*The hero, cheated of his rights, sets out on an adventurous career, and leads a stirring life at sea and in the Low Countries.*]
Pool, M. L.—Dolly, cr. 8vo, 6/- .....Osgood
Priests and People, 3 vols, crown 8vo, 31/6 .....Remington
Raine, E. C. S.—A Woman's Dilemma, crown 8vo, 1/6 ..Wes. S.S U.
Reed, T. B.—Roger Ingleton Minor, crown 8vo, 5/-.....Low
Ritson, J.—Lost or Won, 2/-.....P. M. Bookroom
Rives, A.—According to St. John, crown 8vo, 5/- .....Heinemann
[*St. John is hardly treated, the heroine's conduct being a miserable travesty of his teaching. The book is full of talent, but the story is unwholesome.*]
Robinson, F. M.—Hovenden, V. C., 3 vols., cr. 8vo, 25/6 ....Methuen
[*A story of considerable power. The hero, "a man of action," is the victim of circumstance and of his own keen sense of chivalry, and the story of his life is full of pathos.*]
Roosevelt, B.—Hazel Vane, 3 vols, crown 8vo, 31/6.....Chapman
Rose and Lavender, crown 8vo, 2/6 ....Chambers
[*A tale for girls of humble life. In spite of the attractions of the Rose of the story, the plain Lavender has the best of it in the end.*]
Santa Barbara, by Ouida, crown 8vo, 6/- .....Chatto & Windus
Scudder, Mrs. A. M.—Attractive Truths in Lesson and Story, cr. 8vo, 2/6
Secret of Madame de Monluc, crown 8vo, 5/- .....Methuen
[*The scene is laid in France in the beginning of this century. The story is written with much grace.*]
Serant, E. De.—Clouds of Black and Gold, cr. 8vo, 3/6.....Digby
Severne, F.—Uneven Ground, 3 vols, crown 8vo, 31/6 .....Stott
Shipton, H.—Twilight, crown 8vo, 3/6.....Innes
[*A delicately-written story, in minor tones, as the title suggests. The sunshine begins, however, to flood in at the end.*]
Stables, G.—The Cruise of the Crystal Boat, cr. 8vo, 5/- ..Hutchinson
Stables, G.—Story of Two Sailor Lads, crown 8vo, 5/- .....Shaw
[*A tale for boys of two lads who swear an eternal friendship, and keep to their compact through many adventures by land and sea.*]
Stockton, F. R.—The Great Show in Kobol Land 3/6 .....Osgood
[*A fairy story, full of cleverness, but not so amusing as Mr. Stockton manages to be when dealing with this world.*]
Stockton, F. R.—The House of Martha, crown 8vo, 6/-.....Osgood
Stockton, F. R.—The Squirrel Inn, crown 8vo, 6/-.....S. Low
[*The adventures of the motley company at the inn are very entertaining.*]
Stredder, E.—Alive in the Jungle, crown 8vo, 1/6 .....Nelson
Stutfield, H. E. M.—The Brethren of Mount Atlas, 6/- ....Longmans
Sudermann.—Dame Care, 2/6 and 3/6 .. ..Osgood
[*Translated from the German. Paul, the godson of Dame Care, is in search of his soul. He finds it at last, and happiness too, after great sacrifice. The story, if a little hazy, is quaint and original.*]
Swan, A. S.—Who shall Serve? 3/6 .....Oliphant
[*This "Story for the Times" touches, amongst other modern matters, on the relations of employers and their workmen.*]
Swan, A. S.—Climbing the Hill, crown 8vo, 2/- .....Blackie
[*A collection of short tales.*]
Symington, M.—Two Silver Keys, illustrated, crown 8vo, 2 6....Biggs
St. Aubyn, A.—The Junior Dean, 3 vols, cr. 8vo, 31/6 Chatto & Windus
Tasma.—The Penance of Portia James, 6/- .....Heinemann
[*Gives a very good picture of artist life in Paris.*]
Tellet, R.—A Draught of Lethe .....Smith, Elder
[*This powerful but ghastly story contains such incidents as a fair young girl being coffined alive, and an attempted murder by anæsthetics.*]
Tollemache, B.L.—Jonquille; or, the Swiss Smuggler, cr. 8vo, 6/- Percival
Thompson, L.—Gladys Anstruther, crown 8vo, 2/6 .....Blackie
Thorn, L.—Bab, or the Triumph of Unselfishness, cr. 8vo, 2/- ..Blackie
[*Bab is a well-disciplined and thoroughly good child, whose example proves at length beneficial to a naughty companion.*]
Those Foreign Devils, by W. H. Wilkinson, cr. 8vo, 2/6 Leadenhall Press
Valley Council, The, 6/- .....Low
Verne, J.—Cesar Cascabel, crown 8vo, 6/- .....Low
[*The journey of some acrobats from California to France viâ Siberia.*]
Volkhovsky, F.—A China Cup, 12mo, 2/6 .....Unwin
[*Russian tales told in English. The writer has a pretty, graceful style, but the stories are too subdued and even too sad in tone to find favour with English children.*]
Ward, C. A.—Oracles of Nostradamus, crown 8vo, 6/- Leadenhall Press
Warner, C. D.—As We were Saying, 18mo, 3/6 .....Osgood
Weyman, S. J.—The New Rector, 2 vols, cr. 8vo, 21/- ..Smith & Elder
[*If the Rev. Reginald Lindo is not a hero, he has at least our sympathies in the troublesome parish of Clavershams. There is unmistakeable power in the book.*]
Weyman, S. J.—The Story of Francis Cludde, 7/6 .....Cassell
[*A historical tale of the time of Elizabeth.*]
Wilford, F.—Vivia, a Modern Story, crown 8vo, 3/6 .....W. Gardner
Woods, M. L.—Esther Vanhomrigh, 3 vols, crown 8vo, 31/6 ..Murray
[*The story of Swift's Vanessa. Mrs. Woods has caught the spirit of the period she deals with in a remarkable way.*]
Yoxall, J. H.—The Lonely Pyramid, crown 8vo, 2/- .....Blackie
[*A story of adventure. The events take place in an oasis in the midst of the desert.*]
Zangwill, I.—The Big Bow Mystery, 1/- .....Henry & Co.
[*Reprinted from the "Star." The mystery is a good one, and kept very close till the end. There is a good deal of rather grim humour in the book.*]

NEW EDITIONS.

Gaskell, Mrs.—Cranford, illustrated by H. Thomson, cr. 8vo, 6/- Macmillan
Gissing, G.—New Grub Street, a Novel, cr. 8vo, 6/- ....Smith & Elder
Howells, W. D.—Venetian Life, 2 vols, crown 8vo, 21/- .....Low
Jefferies, R.—The Dewy Morn, crown 8vo, 6/- ....Bentley

POETRY, MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Ashton, J.—Real Sailor Songs, folio, 21/-.....Leadenhall Press
Becquer, G. A.—Poems, small crown, 8vo, 2 6.....Kegan Paul
Bell, R.—Art and Song, 4to, 21/-.....Virtue
[*Contains steel engravings from masterpieces to illustrate a well-selected collection of poems.*]
Blind, M.—Dramas in Miniature, crown 8vo, 5/- ....Chatto & Windus
Book of Chinese Poetry, trans. by C. F. R. Allen, 8vo, 16/- Kegan Paul
Brown, T. E.—The Doctor, a Manx Poem, 12mo, 2 6....Sonnenschein
Campbell, L.—A Guide to Greek Tragedy, crown 8vo, 6/-.....Percival
Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, 32mo, 2 6.....Putnams
Collins, J. C.—Illustrations of Tennyson, cr. 8vo, 6/-..Chatto & Windus
[*In which Tennyson is made to appear a debtor for many of his happiest thoughts and phrases.*]
Cotton, J.—Song and Sentiment, cr. 8vo, 5/- ..*Bromsgrove Messenger*
Cross, J.—A Daughter of the Gods, 7 6.....Leadenhall Press
Davenport, E.—Story Poems, 6/- .....Cassell
[*The plan of this volume is very good. That all its many poems and verses contain some narrative will doubtless make it attractive in children's eyes. The selections are very unequal in literary value.*]
Early Scottish Poetry, ed. by G. E. Todd, cr. 8vo, 3 6 Williams & Norgate
[*Selections from Thomas the Rhymer, Blind Harry, John Barbour, and Andrew of Wyntoun, with historical introductions and notes.*]
Eastwood, J. R.—Poems for Little People, 12mo, 1/6 .....Robb
English Carols of the Fifteenth Century, 4to, 10/- ....Leadenhall Press
[*From a MS. roll in Trinity College, Cambridge, Library. Vocal parts by W. S. Rockstroe.*]
Fleay, F. G.—Chronicle of English Drama, 8vo, 36/- Reeves & Turner
Gilbert, W. S.—Songs of Two Savoyards, royal 8vo, 21/-....Routledge
Hadairn, Y.—Moyarra .....Petherick
[*This poem has for its subject the life of the dying-out natives of Australia. Moyarra, the hero, is a somewhat shadowy character, but the poem is possessed of some power and pathos.*]
Ibsen, H.—Brand, a Dramatic Poem, crown 8vo, 5/-.....Methuen
[*A translation of one of the finest dramas of Ibsen's poetical period. The preface is very sane.*]
King, J. P.—As the Wind Blows, crown 8vo, 5/- ....Leadenhall Press
Knehbiel, H. E.—Studies in the Wagnerian Drama, 7/6 .....Osgood
[*An account of Wagner's method, with illustrations, and an analysis of his five great dramas.*]
Lecky, W. E. H.—Poems, 5/ .....Longmans
[*The writer's inspiration has been drawn from the conventional poets of the past and from Clough. As poems they do not reach a high standard of excellence, but they reflect a mind thoughtful and full of delicate feeling.*]
Lowell, J. R.—Poetical Works, Introduction by T. Hughes, crown 8vo, 7/6 .....Macmillan
Lyra Heroica, selected by W. E. Henley, crown 8vo, 6/- .....Nutt
Lyrics from the Dramatists of the Elizabethan Age, ed. by A. H. Bullen, 12mo, 5/- ....Lawrence & Bullen
[*Contains nearly all the poems in the earlier edition, with some additions. A delightful collection, uniform with the 'Lyrics from the Song Books.'*]
Perry, N.—Lyrics and Legends, 12mo, 5'- .....Brentano
Pinero, A. W.—The Times, a Comedy, 2/6.....Heinemann
[*An amusing farcical satire on the social ambitions of the "nouveaux-riches."*]
Roberts, M.—Songs of Energy, 5'- .....Lawrence & Bullen
[*The verses are not without some power, but they are mis-named. The writer's muse is a depressed and melancholy one.*]
Roscoe, W.C.—Poems, crown 8vo, 7/- .....Macmillan
Ruskin, John.—Poems, small post 8vo, 10/-.....G. Allen
Scarlet Gown (The), Verses by a St. Andrew's Man, 2/6 .....Holden
[*A charming little volume of verses, some frivolous, some serious, nearly all graceful. "The City of Golf" forms the background of most of them.*]
Sullivan, T. D.—Blanaid, and other Irish Poems, 12mo, 2 6 ....Eason
Tennyson for the Young, crown 8vo, 1/- .....Macmillan
[*A better selection for the purpose could hardly have been made.*]
Vacaresco, H.—The Bard of Dimbovitza, 8vo, 10 6.....Osgood
[*A very interesting collection of Roumanian folk songs, collected by Madame Vacaresco, and translated into English with very distinct power by Alma Strettell.*]
Whittier, J. G.—Snow-Bound, a Winter Idyl, crown 8vo, 6 6..S. Low
[*Charmingly illustrated.*]
Wordsworth.—The White Doe of Rylstone, W. Knight, 12mo, 2 6
Oxford Univ. Press

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

Arnold, E.—Seas and Lands, 8vo, 21/- .....Longmans
Belmore, Earl of.—History of the Corry Family, 8vo, 10/6 ....Longmans

Bremner, C. S.—A Month in a Dandi, crown 8vo, 6/- .....Andrews
Browning, O.—Dante, his Life and Writings. 12mo, 2/6..Sonnenschein
Carter, G.—Outlines of English History, 1066-1815, 1/6.....Relfe
[*A clearly arranged synopsis for Local Examination candidates. There is a useful collection of short biographies at the end.*]

Childs, T.—Spanish-American Republics, imp. 8vo, 25/- .....Osgood
[*An interesting work, full of accurate information on South American present-day affairs.*]

Chisholm, G. G.—Geography for India and Ceylon, cr. 8vo, 3/6 Longmans
Clutterbuck, W. J.—About Ceylon and Borneo, cr. 8vo, 10/6, Longmans
Cooper, T. S.—My Life, cheap edition, crown 8vo, 6/- .....Bentley
Cope, C. H.—Reminiscences of Chas. West Cope, R.A., 16/- Bentley
Couch, A. T. Q.—The Warwickshire Avon, Notes, illus, 12/6 Osgood
[*A charming volume by "Q.," and the illustrations by Alfred Parsons are more than worthy of it.*]

Cusack, M. F.—Story of my Life, crown 8vo, 6/- Hodder & Stoughton
[*The "Nun of Kenmare's" account of her connection with the Roman Catholic Church and her severance from it.*]

Daniell, G. W.—Bishop Wilberforce, 8vo, 10/6 .....Methuen
Dufferin, Lady.—My Canadian Journal, 1872-8, cr. 8vo, 12/- ..Murray
[*An interesting account of the writer's stay in Canada, while her husband was Viceroy.*]

Fitzpatrick, T.—A Trans-Atlantic Holiday, crown 8vo, 10/6 .....Low
Forbes, A.—Barracks, Bivouacs, and Battles, cr. 8vo, 7/6 ..Macmillan
[*The celebrated war correspondent is here on familiar ground, and he succeeds in making military affairs interesting and intelligible even to ignorant civilians.*]

Foster, A. J.—The Ouse, cr. 8vo, 3/6 .....S.P.C.K.
Fyfe, H. Hamilton.—Annals of our Time, Vol. 3, pt. 1, 3/6..Macmillan
[*A continuation of a most useful publication, being "a diary of events, social and political, home and foreign." The present part extends from June 23rd, 1887, to December 31st, 1890. It is invaluable for reference.*]

Gardiner, S. R.—History of Great Civil War, Vol. 3, 8vo, 28/- Longmans
Gardner. A.—Friends of the Olden Time, crown 8vo, 2/6 .....Arnold
[*Lives of Greek and Roman heroes for children.*]

Hare, F. A.—The Last of the Bushrangers, cr. 8vo, 6/- .....Hurst
[*An account of the capture of the Kelly gang.*]

Hissey, J. J.—Across England in a Dog-Cart, demy 8vo, 16/- Bentley
Historical Records of the 91st Argyllshire Highlanders, 8vo, 30/-Bentley
Howland, O. A.—The New Empire, 8vo, 12/6.....E. Arnold
[*By the "New Empire" is meant the British Empire of to-day, in distinction to that which came to an end in 1783. This thoughtful volume contains an appeal for unity amongst the colonies, though not altogether on the lines of the Imperial Federation League.*]

Hughes, W.—A Week's Tramp in Dickens-Land, 16/- Chapman & Hall
[*Papers of an enthusiast on the scenes of Dickens' novels, mostly London and Kent.*]

Japanese Letters, edited by Commander H. Berkeley, 6/-.....Murray
Japp, A. H.—Successful Business Men, cr. 8vo, 3/6 .....Virtue
Kinglake, E.—The Australian at Home, cr. 8vo, 2/6 ..Leadenhall Press
Kolokotrones.—The Klepht and the Warrior, 8vo, 5/-.....Unwin
[*New volume of the "Adventure Series," being the biography which was dictated by Kolokotrones, the famous warrior and hero of the War of Greek Independence. The book contains also a history of the Klephts and much interesting matter.*]

Lamb, C.—Life and Writings, &c., 12mo, 21/- .....Gibbings
Landon, M. D.—Eli Perkins's Thirty Years of Wit, 4/- .....Cassell
Lavisse, E.—Youth of Frederick the Great, demy 8vo, 16/-....Bentley
[*An important contribution to history. It should be read as a supplement to Carlyle's work.*]

Mackay of Uganda, Story of Life of, cr. 8vo, 5/- Hodder & Stoughton
[*The matter contained in this volume is fresh, and is not contained in the larger biography. It is meant for boys, in the hope that Mackay's example may lead some of them to think of Africa, and devote their lives to its moral and spiritual regeneration.*]

Macrae, David.—George Gilfillan, 1/- .....Morison, Glasgow
[*Reminiscences of a remarkable man, whose genial and brilliant personality has not as yet had justice done it in a biography. This little book is full of anecdotes that will make the reader wish for a fuller biography.*]

Mannering, G. E.—With Axe and Rope in New Zealand Alps, 8vo, 12/6 Longmans
[*The observations of an enthusiastic mountain climber, more especially in the Mount Cook glacier system.*]

Maspero, G.—Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria, cr. 8vo, 5/-..Chapman
'Max O'Rell,' A Frenchman in America, crown 8vo, 3/6 ..Arrowsmith
[*A lively picture of our Transatlantic cousins, displaying the same quiet humour that was shown in the writer's observations on ourselves.*]

Monck, F. E. O.—My Canadian Leaves, demy 8vo, 15/- .....Bentley
[*An account of a visit to Canada five-and-twenty years ago. Contains little of general interest.*]

Monteiro, R.—Delagoa Bay, cr. 8vo, 9/- .....Philip
[*Gives an account of its natives and its natural history. The chapters dealing with the latter are the best.*]

Novalis, F. H.—His Life, Thoughts, etc., 12mo, 2/6 .....Stott
[*A daintily bound volume. The extracts have been skilfully chosen.*]

O'Connor, T. P.—A Memory of C. S. Parnell, 2/- .... Ward & Lock
[*Contains interesting personal reminiscences. On the whole this is a very impartial picture of the man.*]

Oxenden, Right Rev. A.—History of my Life, cr. 8vo, 5/- ..Longmans
[*An autobiography by the former Bishop of Montreal, giving a bright account of his travels and his Canadian experiences.*]

Parke, T. H.—My Personal Experiences in Africa, 8vo, 21/- .....Low
[*This completes the story of the Relief Expedition. Surgeon Parke's account is the most impartial of all the narratives published.*]

Ranken, G.—Federal Geography of British Australasia, 6/- .....Low
Richards, W.—Heroes of our Day, cr. 8vo, 3/6 .....Virtue
Riddell, C. E. L.—A Mad Tour, crown 8vo, 10/6 .....Bentley
[*Holidays in the Black Forest.*]

Rocquain, F.—The Revolutionary Spirit, preceding the French Revolution, cr. 8vo. 2/6, Sonnenschein
Scherer, E.—Essays on English Literature, crown 8vo, 6/-.....Low
Scherer, W.—History of German Literature, cr 8vo 5/-OxfordUniv.Press
Skottowe, B. C.—Short History of Parliament, cr. 8vo, 2/6 Sonnenschein
Sportsman's Vade-Mecum for the Himalayas, 8vo, 2/- .....H. Cox
Stables, G.—Leaves from the Log of a Gentleman Gipsy, 8vo, 15/- Jarrold
[*Pleasant pictures of caravan life in different parts of England.*]

Stephens, H. M.—Hist. of French Revolution, vol. 2, 8vo, 18/- Longmans
Stevenson, J. F., Memorials of, by his Wife, 3/6 .....J. Clarke
Villari, P.—Life and Times of Machiavelli .....Unwin
[*The first really complete English translation of this important book.*]

Winsor, J.—Christopher Columbus, and how he received and imparted the Spirit of Discovery, 8vo, 21/- .....Low

NEW EDITIONS.

Grammont's Memoirs, 5/- .....Bell
[*The translation is that of Sir Walter Scott, but a considerable number of fresh notes has been added.*]

Howitt, Mary.—Autobiography, 7/6.....Isbister
[*Cheaper edition of a book which is full of personal and literary interest.*]

Martin, A.—Home Life on an Ostrich Farm, 3/6 .....Philip
[*Cheaper edition of a bright, well-written book of South African impressions.*]

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL, AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

Æschylus.—Prometheus Bound, Notes, etc., N. Wecklein, cr. 8vo, 7/6 E. Arnold
Allcroft, A. H.—Early Grecian History, cr. 8vo, 5/6.....Clive
Alexander, S.—Moral Order and Progress, 8vo, 14/- Kegan Paul & Co.
Aveling, E.—The Student's Marx, crown 8vo, 2/6 .....Sonnenschein
Aveling, Heraldry, Ancient and Modern, cr. 8vo, 10/6 .....Gibbings
[*Contains "Boutell's Heraldry," with considerable and valuable additions.*]

Bax, Capt. E.—Popular Electric Lighting, crown 8vo, 2/-.....Biggs
Beatson, G. T.—Ambulance Handbook.
St. Andrew's Ambulance Assoc., Glasgow
[*Gives a short account of each set of organs or system in the body before treating of injuries to them. This is one of the most complete handbooks of the kind.*]

Bewes, W. A.—Copyrights, Patent Designs, &c., cr. 8vo, 5/-....Black
Breton, J.—Life of an Artist, crown 8vo, 7/6 .....Low
Brook, S.—Descriptive Geography, crown 8vo, 3/6 .....Hughes
British Seas.—Notes by W. C. Russell and others, 4to, 21/- ....Seeley
["*Picturesque Notes*," *with excellent etchings and engravings.*]

Buckley, A. B.—Moral Teachings of Science, crown 8vo, 3/-..Stanford
[*Another of Miss Buckley's fascinating science books, this time for older people.*]

Butcher, S. H.—Aspects of the Greek Genius, cr. 8vo, 7/6 ..Macmillan
Church, A. J.—Story of the Iliad, crown 8vo, 5/- .....Seeley
Church, A. J.—Story of the Odyssey, crown 8vo, 5/-.....Seeley
Cicero in his Letters, ed. with Notes, by R. Y. Tyrrell, 4/6 ..Macmillan
Clowes, F.—Quantitative Chemical Analysis, crown 8vo, 7/6..Churchill
Conway, W. M.—Dawn of Art in Ancient World, cr. 8vo, 5/- Percival
Cornelii Taciti.—The Annuals of Tacitus, edited by H. Furneaux, vol. ii., 8vo, 20/- .....Oxford Univ. Press
Crooke, G. F.—Medical Pathology of Tuberculosis, 12mo, 2/6..Baillière
Dibb, J. H.—Worked Examples in Mechanics, cr. 8vo, 1/6 .....Clive
Dyer, J. M.—Elementary Trigonometry, cr. 8vo, 4/6 .....Bell
Edwards, A. B.—Pharaohs, Fellahs, and Explorers, 8vo, 18/-....Osgood
[*Contains a record of the most recent researches in Egyptology.*]

Euripides' Cyclops.—Ed. W. E. Long, 12mo, 2/6....Oxford Univ. Press
Gamlin, H.—EmmaLadyHamilton,OldStoryRetold,4to,63/- net Howell
Gore, J. E.—Star Groups .....Crosby Lockwood
[*Maps, with letterpress explanation, of the principal constellations. A very useful introduction to astronomy.*]

Herschell, G.—Indigestion, 3/6.....Baillière
Homer's Iliad, by A. Pope, Notes, etc., T. A. Buckley, 8vo, 7/6Gibbings
Jeans, V.—Factory Act Legislation, crown 8vo, 3/6 .....Unwin
[*The Cobden Prize Essay for this year.*]

Kirk, J. F.—Supplement to Allibone's Critical Dict, 2 vols, 63/- Lippincott
Laidlaw, S.—The Powers which Propel and Guide the Planets, crown 8vo, 3/6 .....K. Paul
Lawrence, W. T.—Agriculture, 2/-
Lentzner, K.—Colonial English, a Glossary of Australian, &c., Words, royal 8vo, 7/6.....Kegan Paul
Loewy, B.—Course of Natural Science, Part 2, 12mo, 2/6....Macmillan
Maclean, J. D.—Counting-House Book-Keeping, cr. 8vo, 2/6 Mackinley
[*Contains a useful collection of examination papers.*]

Massee, G.—Evolution of Plant Life, 2/6 .....Methuen
[*A "University Extension Manual." One of its main features is the way in which the interdependence between plants, animals, and inorganic nature is shown.*]

Massee, G.—The Plant World, crown 8vo, 3/6 .....Whittaker
[*An introduction to the study of botany, which aims at making the changes in structure and function that plants undergo intelligible. Good illustrations.*]

Maycock, W. P.—A First Book of Electricity and Magnetism, cr. 8vo, 2/6 Whittaker
[*This text-book is elementary in the strict sense of the word. It contains a list of apparatus and questions for examination.*]

Meakin, J. E. B.—An Introduction to the Arabic of Morocco, 12mo, 6/- Kegan Paul
Mills, W.—Photography applied to the Microscope, 2/- .....Iliffe
Mitchell, C. F.—FortyPlates on Building Construction, folio, 10/6 Cassell
Montaigne.—Education of Children, 32mo, 2/6 .....Putnams
Moritz, E. R.—Text-Book of the Science of Brewing, 8vo, 21/- ..Spon
Parsons, S., jun.—Landscape Gardening, royal 8vo, 15/-.....Putnams
Paton, W. R.—The Inscriptions of Cos, 28/-.....Oxford Univ. Press
Peacock, F. M.—Military Crime, cr. 8vo, 1/6 .....Gale & Polden
Perry, A. L.—Principles of Political Economy, 8vo, 9/- K. Paul & Co.

Poole, J.—Practical Telephone Handbook, crown 8vo, 3/6 ..Whittaker
[*Deals with the most recent methods of telephone working. Telephone employes will find this text-book useful. The illustrations are very numerous.*]
Rentoul, R.R.—Reform of Voluntary Medical Charities, 8vo, 5/- Bailliere
Richter, V.V.—Chemistry of Carbon Compounds, cr 8vo, 20/- K. Paul & Co.
Rose, E.—Solo, 1/-.....Arrowsmith
[*A handbook to Solo-whist, in narrative form.*]
Salon, The, 1891, English Edition, 4to, 52/6
[*The illustrations are beautifully reproduced; and there is a critical introduction by M. Proust.*]
Sheridan, R.B.—School for Scandal, illus. by L. Rossi, 21/- Simpkin & Co.
Sedding, J. D.—Gardencraft, 8vo, 12/- .....K. Paul & Co.
[*Treats of the subject from a historical and from an æsthetic point of view.*]
Selected Fragments of Roman Poetry, cr. 8vo, 6 6 .....Frowde
Smart, W.—Intro. to the Theory of Value, crown 8vo, 3/- ..Macmillan
Southern Coast of England: Pictures by Turner, folio, 73/6 ....Virtue
Spencer, A.—Roll Turning for Sections in Steel and Iron, 4to, 2/-..Spon
Spencer, J.—Physiography, crown 8vo, 2/6.....Percival
Sportsman's Vade-Mecum for the Himalayas, 8vo, 2/-.....H. Cox
Statham, H.H.—Thoughts on Music and Musicians, 18/- Chapman & Hall
Stewart, H.F.—Intermediate Bk. of French Composition, 12mo, 1/6 Percival
Strangway, A.—Adv. Passages for German Unseen Trans., 2/6 Percival
Sutton, J. B.—Surg. Diseases of Rectum, crown 8vo, 12/6 Cassell & Co.
Teegan, T. H.—Elementary Education in France, 5/- .....Sullivan
Thin, G.—Leprosy, 8vo, 16/- .....Percival
Tillyard, F.—Banking and Negotiable Instruments, cr. 8vo, 5/-..Black
[*A thoroughly practical text-book.*]
Torrend, J.—Comparative Grammar of the South African Bantu Languages, roy. 8vo, 25/- .....K. Paul & Co.
Treves, F.—Manual of Operative Surgery, 2 vols, 8vo, 42/-.....Cassell
Tyrell, W.—Nervous Exhaustion, 12mo, 3/- .....K. Paul & Co.
Vinogradoff, P.—Villainage in England, 8vo, 16/- ..Oxford Univ. Press
Ward, H. W.—My Gardener, 8vo, 2/6 .....Eyre and Spottiswoode
Waraker, T.—Naval Warfare of the Future, cr. 8vo, 5/-..Sonnenschein
Webb, H. L.—Testing Insulated Wires and Cables, 12mo, 4/6....Spon
Webb, J.—Bible Object-Lessons, crown 8vo, 3/6 .....Nisbet
Wherry, G.—Clinical Notes on Nerve Disorders, 8vo, 2/-.....Bailliere
Wood, Sir H. T.—Light, 3/6.....Whittaker
[*A popular text-book, designed for those who have no previous knowledge of the subject. A list of books for continuation study is added. Illustrated.*]
Woods, R.—Guide to Pigeon Culture, cr. 8vo, 2/-.....*Fancier's Gazette*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Anderton, T.—Letters from a Country House, 12mo, 5/- .....Wright
Batty, Mrs.—Moravian Schools and Customs, cr. 8vo, 2/6 Sonnenschein
Brundage, F.—Baby's Biography, 4to, 10/6.....Dean
[*Intended to be used as a record of important events, such as teeth-cutting, infantile witticisms, etc. Illustrated.*]
Charlton, J.—Twelve Packs of Hounds, folio, 63/-.....Mawson
Checkley, E.—A Natural Method of Physical Training, 2/6 ..Putnams
Chester, E.—Girls and Women, 8vo, 2/6 .....Heinemann
Dickson, N.—The Kirk Beadle, 1/- .....Morison, Glasgow
[*Amusing sketches of "characters," that used to divide, and occasionally still divide, the honours with the minister in Scotch Kirks. The anecdotes are very good.*]
Dyer, T. F. T.—Church-Lore Gleanings, crown 8vo, 10.6.....Innes
[*Full of interesting antiquarian jottings about burials, baptisms, church discipline, old books, bells, etc.*]
Figaro Illustré, Christmas Number, English Ed., 3/6 ....Goupil & Co.
[*Contains stories by "Gyp," Jean Richepin, and others. The pictures are good and original, and there are two coloured supplements.*]
Faithful Servants, Epitaphs ed. by A. Munby, cr. 8vo, 5/- Reeves & Turner
Fullerton, W. Y.—Gospel Pictures, 12mo, 1/6 .....Passmore
Good Words, 1891, 7/6 .....Isbister
[*An interesting volume, containing 'The Little Minister,' and stories by Mrs. Oliphant, Carmen Sylva, and others, besides miscellaneous articles of a high literary standard.*]
Greenwood, T.—Public Libraries, crown 8vo, 2/6 .....Cassell & Co.
Greville, Lady.—The Gentlewoman in Society, cr. 8vo, 6/- .....Henry
[*Papers on the social life of women of the upper classes, how they work and play, and dine and dress. The picture is not an attractive one, but the book is very readable.*]
Gulland, J. W.—How Edinburgh is Governed, 1/- ..... Jack
[*A complete account of the municipal institutions and administrations for the use of citizens.*]
Hill, G. B.—Writers and Readers, crown 8vo, 5/-.....Unwin
Hitchcock, T.—Unhappy Loves of Men of Genius, 12mo, 5/- ..Osgood
[*Contains love stories of Gibbon, Cavour, E. Irving, Mozart, and others.*]
Hunters and Hunted, 4to, 2/6.....Shaw
[*Coloured pictures of wild beasts for children by Harrison Weir.*]
Imitation of Buddha, Quotations from Buddhist Literature, compiled by E. M. Bowden, 32mo, 2/6.....Methven
In Forest and Field, 2/6 .....Shaw
[*Coloured pictures of animals for children by Harrison Weir.*]
Jenks, E.—The Government of Victoria (Australia), 8vo, 14/- Macmillan
Lang, A.—Angling Sketches, crown 8vo, 7.6 .....Longmans
Lewis, Sir G. C.—An Essay on the Government of Dependencies, demy 8vo, 14/-.....Oxford Univ. Press
[*The introduction by Mr. C. P. Lewis is an interesting and timely piece of work.*]
Little One's Own Beehive.....Dean
[*Tales and pictures for little children.*]
MacLeod, N. I.—Moral and Religious Anecdotes, 8vo, 6/- ....Simpkin
Macmillan, H.—Cyclo. of Nature Teachings, cr. 8vo, 7/6.....E. Stock
Macray, W. D.—Documents Relating to Selborne, 8vo, 10/6..Warren
Maxwell, J. R.—The Negro Question, 6/- .....Unwin
[*This book contains a suggestion for the improvement of the negro race to fit it for modern life. The plan advocated is the intermarriage of negroes with white people.*]
Mazzini, J.—God and the People, 8vo, 5/- .....Unwin
[*Selections from Mazzini's writings, arranged so as to show his creed. The volume contains an excellent bibliography.*]
Miles, A. H.—The Platform Reciter, crown 8vo, 2/6 .....Hutchinson
[*An excellent selection.*]
Miller, J. R.—Making the Most of Life, 12mo, 3/6 Hodder & Stoughton
Morley, H.—Early Papers and some Memories, cr. 8vo, 5/-..Routledge
Munro, C. H.—Digest xix. 2, Locati Conducti, 12mo, 5/-.....Clay
Neilson, G.—Per Lineam Valli.....Hodge, Glasgow
[*An examination of the present theory of Hadrian's Wall, and a refutation of the same.*]
Our Darlings, 1891. Edited by Dr. Barnardo .....Shaw
[*Magazine for children. Full of stories and pictures, many of them coloured.*]
Pember, G. H.—Theosophy .....Hodder and Stoughton
[*Extracted from 'Earth's Earliest Ages.' An account of the history and the tenets of Theosophy, showing its insufficiency as a substitute for Christianity.*]
Picture Books.—Three Little Kittens, Nursery Games, Dolls' Dinner Party, Cuckoo Clock, Tommy and the Circus, Robinson Crusoe, etc. .....Dean
[*The pictures are gay and amusing.*]
Pitman, E. R.—Lady Hymn-Writers, crown 8vo, 5/- .....Nelson
Proceedings of First American Whist Congress, 1891, 8vo 7/6 Brentano
Rensselaer, Mrs. J. K. van.—The Devil's Picture Books, a History of Playing Cards, royal 8vo, 25/- .....Unwin
Rees, J. R.—With Friend and Book in the Study, 8vo, 4/-....Gibbings
Rideal, C. F.—Young Ladies of To-day .....Dean
[*A collection of sketches, with illustrations or caricatures of typical young ladies, not edifying, not even amusing.*]
Senior, W.—Precious Things of Home, cr. 8vo, 1/6 *Home Words* Office
Spencer, R.—To Young Men, 12mo, 2/6 .....Brooks
Spurgeon, C. H.—Memories of Stambourne, cr. 8vo, 1/- .... Passmore
[*Mr. Spurgeon's grandfather was preacher at the meeting-house in the Essex village of Stambourne. The book contains some local history and reminiscences of the Spurgeon family.*]
Strachey, St. L.—How England became a Republic, 6/-.. Arrowsmith
[*A Constitutional Romance of the year 2100, which tells how a man of first-rate intellect ascending the throne of the Guelphs turned the Government into a "Monarchy in Commission."*]
Sunday Magazine, 1891, 7/6.....Isbister
[*Serial stories by L. T. Meade and others. The biographical and historical papers in the volume seem excellent.*]
The Temperance Mirror, 1891.....Nat. Temp. Pub. Depot
[*New volume of an illustrated magazine. The dialogues, songs, and recitations will be found useful for temperance meetings.*]
Words of Faith, Hope, and Love, crown 8vo, 3/6.....Partridge

NEW EDITIONS.

Brightwen, Mrs.—Wild Nature Won by Kindness, 1/- .....Unwin
[*Papers for children, full of observation and sympathy, on the ways of animals.*]
Scrivener, S. C.—Our Fields and Cities, 1/-.....Unwin
[*A plea for a thorough overhauling of our whole social system, especially with regard to land.*]

The Bookman.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE BOOKMAN may be had through any Newsagent, and at Smith's Bookstalls, or direct from the Publishers, on the following terms, commencing at any date:—

FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, EUROPE, CANADA, AND THE UNITED STATES.	s.	d.
6 months, Post free, prepaid	3	6
12 „ „ „	7	0

Cloth Cases for preserving the monthly numbers may be had of the Publishers, price 4s. each.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 27, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

One Inch in Column -	£0 8 0	Half a Page (One Column)	£4 4 0
Quarter Page - - -	2 2 0	Whole Page - - - -	8 0 0

SPECIAL POSITIONS BY AGREEMENT.

ADVERTISEMENTS must be sent by the 15th of the month to—

J. F. SPRIGGS, Advertisement Office, 23, Old Bailey, London, E.C.

SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

EDINBURGH: No. 6, St. Andrew Square. LONDON: 17, King William St., E.C.

IN this SOCIETY are combined the advantages of **Mutual Assurance** with **Moderate Premiums.**

THE PREMIUMS are so moderate that an Assurance of £1,200 or £1,250 may generally be secured from the first for the yearly payment which usually would be charged (with profits) for £1,000 only—equivalent to an immediate Bonus of 20 to 25 per cent.

The WHOLE PROFITS go to the Policyholders, on a system at once safe and equitable—no share being given to those by whose early death there is a *loss*. Large additions have thus been, and will be, made to the policies of those who participate, notwithstanding the lowness of the premiums.

The SURPLUS at last Investigation was £1,051,035, which, after reserving one-third, was divided among 9,384 Policies entitled to participate. First additions (with few exceptions) ranged from 18 to 34 per cent., according to age and class. Other Policies were increased in all 50 to 80 per cent.

New Assurances completed in 1890 were £1,032,008.
Being for the 17th year in succession above a Million.

Premiums in year, £600,820. Total Income, £907,648.

Total Claims in year (including Bonus Additions*) were £431,466.

*These averaged about 49 per cent. on Assurances which participated.

THE FUNDS (increased by £363,150) amounted to **£7,356,619.**
The EXPENSES were under 10 per cent. of Premium Income.

Examples of Premiums for £100 at Death—with Profits.

Age next Birthday	25	30	35	40	45	50	55
During Life	£1 18 0	£2 1 6*	£2 6 10	£2 14 9	£3 5 9	£4 1 7	£5 1 11
21 Payments.....	2 12 6	2 15 4	3 0 2	3 7 5†	3 17 6	4 12 1	5 10 2

[The usual *non-participating* rates differ little from these Premiums.]

* A person of 30 may secure £1,000 at death, by a yearly payment, *during life*, of £20 15s. This premium would generally elsewhere secure **£800** only, instead of **£1,000.** Or, he may secure £1,000 by 21 yearly payments of £27 13s. 4d.—*being thus free of payment after age* 50.

† **At age 40,** the Premium *ceasing at age* 60, is, for £1,000, £33 14s. 2d.—about the same as most Offices require during the whole term of life. Before the Premiums have ceased the Policy will have shared in at least one division of profits.

To Professional Men and others, whose income is dependent on continuance of health, this limited payment system is specially recommended.

POLICIES, *as a rule, are* WORLD-WIDE *after five years, provided the Assured has attained the age of* 30.
Report, with full Statement of Principles and Tables of Rates, may be had.

J. MUIR LEITCH, *London Secretary.* JAMES GRAHAM WATSON, *Manager.*

MESSRS. NELSON'S NEW BOOKS.

Splendid Guinea Atlas.

The English Imperial Atlas of the World.

A Series of Two Hundred and Twenty Maps, with Complete Descriptive Gazetteer.

By J. G. BARTHOLOMEW, F.R.G.S.

PRICE 21s., CROWN FOLIO, CLOTH GILT; OR STRONGLY HALF-BOUND LEATHER, 25s.

*** In the closing years of the century the grandest spectacle presented to the world is the spread of the English-speaking race. "The Empire of the English" girdles the globe. It is in this world-wide sense that the title of this new work, "THE ENGLISH IMPERIAL ATLAS," has been chosen. It is arranged throughout from an English point of view, and aims at being the Standard Atlas for English households throughout the world. While amply meeting all the requirements of General Geography, the Home Country, the British Colonies, and all English-speaking countries have been treated in very full detail.

For General Completeness THE ENGLISH IMPERIAL ATLAS is not equalled by any other English Atlas at the price. It contains 108 pages of Maps, comprising 70 full-page and folio Maps, and 150 Smaller Maps, Plans, and Insets, or 220 Maps in all. The Gazetteer, which has been compiled from the latest sources, contains the results of recent census returns, and has entries for about 55,000 places, which are described and located.

"The most complete and compact atlas of modern times. . . At once handy, useful, and handsome."—EUROPEAN MAIL.

TALES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

BY E. EVERETT-GREEN.

The Church and the King. A Tale of England in the Days of Henry VIII. By E. EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Loyal Hearts and True," "The Lord of Dynevor," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, price 5s.

The Lord of Dynevor. A Tale of the Times of Edward I. By E. EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Loyal Hearts and True," etc. Post 8vo, cloth extra, price 2s. 6d.

In the Wars of the Roses. A Tale for the Young. By E. EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Loyal Hearts and True," etc. Post 8vo, cloth extra, price 2s. 6d.
"An interesting story."—ACADEMY.

NEW TALE BY A.L.O.E.

The Iron Chain and the Golden. By A.L.O.E., Author of "The Blacksmith of Boniface Lane," "Beyond the Black Waters," "Driven into Exile," etc. Post 8vo, cloth extra, price 2s. 6d.
"The book is admirably suited for a Christmas gift."—ATHENÆUM.

NEW WORK BY MRS. E. R. PITMAN.

Lady Hymn Writers. By Mrs. E. R. PITMAN, Author of "Vestina's Martyrdom," "Heroines of the Mission Field," "Mission Life in Greece and Palestine," with portrait of Frances R. Havergal. Post 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, price 5s.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

Famous Artists. Michael Angelo—Leonardo da Vinci—Raphael—Titian—Murillo—Rubens—Rembrandt. With Portraits. Post 8vo, cloth extra, price 3s. 6d.

NEW EDITION, WITH GIACOMELLI'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

Birds and Flowers. By MARY HOWITT. Illustrated with upwards of One Hundred Drawings by H. GIACOMELLI. Small 4to, cloth extra, price 2s. 6d.
"In all ways an attractive re-issue of a pretty book."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

*** **NELSON'S NEW DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF BOOKS for the Drawing-Room, and for Home Reading, Books of Travel and Natural History, Tales for the Young, etc., in Handsome Bindings, suitable for PRESENTS and PRIZES, post free on application.**

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, 35 and 36, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.; PARKSIDE, EDINBURGH; and NEW YORK.

Messrs. LONGMANS & CO.'S LIST.

CABINET EDITION OF MR. LECKY'S "ENGLAND."

A New and Cheaper Edition of Mr. Lecky's "HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY" is in course of issue in Twelve Monthly Volumes, Crown 8vo, price 6s. each. This Edition will be divided into Two Sections: ENGLAND, 7 Volumes; IRELAND, 5 Volumes. The first Volume of "England" will be ready in January.

NEW AND CHEAPER RE-ISSUE OF MR. ANDREW LANG'S WORKS.

New Editions of the following Works by Mr. ANDREW LANG will be issued in Monthly Volumes, price 2s. 6d. each net.

1. **Letters to Dead Authors.** [*January.*
2. **Books and Bookmen.** [*February.*
3. **Old Friends.** [*March.*
4. **Letters on Literature.** [*April.*

In One Volume, crown 8vo, price 5s. net.

Messrs. Longmans & Co. will issue in February, CARLYLE'S "EXCURSION TO PARIS," which has been appearing in the NEW REVIEW, and his Story, "WOTTON REINFRED," under the title of "LAST WORDS OF CARLYLE."

THE BADMINTON LIBRARY. (*NEW VOLUME.*)

Skating, Curling, Tobogganing, and other Ice Sports. By J. M. HEATHCOTE, C. G. TEBBUTT, T. MAXWELL WITHAM, the Rev. JOHN KERR, ORMOND HAKE, and HENRY A. BUCK. With 12 Plates and 272 Illustrations in the Text by C. WHYMPER and Capt. ALEXANDER. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d. [*In January.*

New Fragments. By JOHN TYNDALL, F.R.S. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d. [*In January.*

CONTENTS:—The Sabbath — Goethe's "Farbenlehre" — Atoms, Molecules, and Ether Waves—Count Rumford—Louis Pasteur, his Life and Labours—The Rainbow and its Congeners—Address delivered at the Birkbeck Institution on October 22, 1884—Thomas Young—Life in the Alps—About Common Water—Personal Recollections of Thomas Carlyle—On Unveiling the Statue of Thomas Carlyle—On the Origin, Propagation, and Prevention of Phthisis—Old Alpine Jottings—A Morning on Alp Lusgen.

The Divorce of Catherine of Aragon. The Story as told by the Imperial Ambassadors resident at the Court of Henry VIII. By J. A. FROUDE. 8vo, 16s.

A History of the Great Civil War, 1642-1649. By SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER, M.A., LL.D. (3 vols.). Vol. III., 1647-1649. With 8 Maps. 8vo, 28s.

Darkness and Dawn; or, Scenes in the Days of Nero. An Historic Tale. By the Venerable Archdeacon FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S. Second Edition. 2 vols. 8vo, 28s.

Seas and Lands. Reprinted by permission of the Proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*. By Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, M.A., K.C.I.E. With 43 Plates and 29 Illustrations in Text. Second Edition. 8vo, 21s.

Venetian Life. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. With 18 Illustrations in aqua-tint from original Water Colours. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, 21s.

Angling Sketches. By ANDREW LANG. With 20 Illustrations (3 Etchings) by W. G. BURN-MURDOCH. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

PROF. MAX MÜLLER'S GIFFORD LECTURES. THIRD SERIES.

Anthropological Religion: The Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Glasgow in 1891. By F. MAX MULLER, M.A. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d. [*In January.*

The Human Mind: A Text-Book of Psychology. By JAMES SULLY, M.A., LL.D., Author of "Outlines of Psychology," etc. 2 vols. 8vo, 24s. [*In January.*

MR. S. R. GARDINER'S NEW HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

A Student's History of England. From the Earliest Times to 1885. By SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER, M.A., LL.D. Complete in 1 vol, with 378 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 12s. [*In January.*

Vol. I.—B.C. 55-A.D. 1509; with 173 Illustrations; crown 8vo, 4s. Vol. II.—1509-1689; with 96 Illustrations; crown 8vo, 4s. Vol. III.—1689-1885; with 109 Illustrations; crown 8vo, 4s.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

Walter Scott's New Books

Crown 8vo, Cloth, Price 3s. 6d. per Volume; Half-Morocco, 6s. 6d. per Volume.

THE CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE SERIES.

EDITED BY HAVELOCK ELLIS. RECENT ADDITIONS:

The Science of Fairy Tales. By EDWIN SIDNEY HARTLAND.

Primitive Folk. STUDIES IN COMPARATIVE ETHNOLOGY. By ELIE RECLUS.

An account—founded on the narratives both of early and of recent travellers—of various of the most primitive races still existing in the world, the Esquimaux, the hill-tribes of India, Naïrs, etc. The birth-customs, food-customs, marriage-customs, funeral-customs, etc., of these races are investigated in detail.

The Evolution of Marriage. By CH. LETOURNEAU, General Secretary to the Anthropological Society, Paris, and Professor in the School of Anthropology, Paris.

An ethnographical summary of the facts regarding the origin and growth of marriage and the family among savages, barbarians, and in civilisation, with hints as to its probable evolution in the future.

Bacteria and Their Products. By Dr. G. SIMS WOODHEAD.

Education and Heredity. By J. M. GUYAU.

The Man of Genius. By Prof. LOMBROSO.

This work deals with the causes of genius; the influences of race, of heredity, of climate, of great cities; the mental and physical characteristics of men of genius in literature, art, politics, and religion; and goes fully into the much-debated question of the relation between genius and insanity. The volume is copiously illustrated.

In preparation and ready shortly:—

The Grammar of Science. By KARL PEARSON, M.A., Professor of Applied Mathematics, University College; Gresham Professor of Geometry.

This book discusses in a popular manner the basis of Modern Science, its sphere, its methods, and its limitations. It attempts at the same time to clear up some of the metaphysical obscurities which at present form the foundation of physics, and which, arising historically, were perpetuated by the Newtonian definitions of Mass and Force.

London: WALTER SCOTT, 24, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row.

Next Week. No. 1, JANUARY, 1892. Ninety-six pages. One Shilling.

THE THINKER:

A Review of World-wide Christian Thought.

CONTENTS.

THE SURVEY OF THOUGHT—To our Readers.—Deliver us from Evil.—The Book of Numbers.—Isaiah—One or Many? An Interpolation in some Historical Books of the Bible.—Canon Driver on the Books of the Law.—Mr. Gladstone on Ancient Beliefs in Immortality.—The Johannean Question.

EXPOSITORY THOUGHT—The First Psalm. By Rev. C. D. Ginsburg, LL.D.—The Epiphany. By Rev. Prof. T. K. Cheyne, D.D.—Thieves and Robbers. By Rev. Prof. H. R. Reynolds, D.D.—The Greatness of John the Baptist. By Rev. David Brown, D.D.

THEOLOGICAL THOUGHT—Inspiration and Criticism. By Rev. Prof. J. Iverach, D.D.—Mrs. Besant's Doubt and her Interview with Dr. Pusey. By Rev. Principal Chapman, LL.D.

THE INQUIRER—The Ten Pieces of Silver. By Mrs. E. A. Fisin.—Christ's Preeminence in All Things. By Rev. Prof. J. A. Beet, D.D.

THE BOOK CRITIC—The Incarnation of the Son of God, being the Bampton Lectures by Rev. C. Gore, M.A. By Rev. Canon G. Rawlinson, M.A.—The Law in the Prophets. By Rev. Prof. A. R. S. Kennedy, M.A.

CURRENT ENGLISH THOUGHT—Christianity and Morals.—Our Attitude towards False Religions. By Rev. G. T. Candlin.

CURRENT AMERICAN THOUGHT—Are Miracles to be expected? By Rev. L. E. Smith, D.D.—The Doctrine of the "Testimonium Spiritus Sancti" in the Lutheran Church. By Rev. Principal Simon, D.D.—Natural Religion Prophetic of Revelation. By Rev. F. P. Noble.—Christian Experience as a Source of Doctrine. By Rev. J. H. Foster, Ph.D.—The Genesis of the New Testament, with a few words respecting Higher Criticism. By Prof. L. T. Townsend, S.T.D.

CURRENT AMERICAN THOUGHT (*continued*)—Regeneration as a Force in Reform Movements. By Rev. C. M. Morse.—How can Economic Studies help the Ministry? By President E. B. Andrews, D.D.

CURRENT GERMAN THOUGHT—The Theory of Atonement. By Von Hofmann.—German Recommendations of English Books.—What Line should Christian Apologetics take in our Day? By Prof. O. Ritschl.

CURRENT DUTCH THOUGHT—Όνομα and the Baptismal Formula. By Dr. A. J. Brandt.

THE BIBLE CLASS—God in Nature. By Rev. O. D. Campbell, M.A.

SUNDAY IN CHURCH—The Unknown Path.—Satisfaction and Dissatisfaction.—Sin the Supreme Mistake.—Does God depend on Man?—The Privations of Godlessness. By Rev. W. Clarkson, B.A.

SUNDAY IN SCHOOL. International Lesson.

The SERMON LITERATURE of the MONTH. Ebenezer. By Rev. T. Binney.—Christ the Friend of the Poor. By Rev. J. Stuart.—Communism Indeed. By Rev. J. J. Wray.—What the Man Can Be. By Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A.—The Revelation in the Whirlwind. By Rev. H. Macmillan, D.D.—The Sign: A Babe. By Rev. J. M. Gibson, D.D.—Enoch's Walk with God. By Rev. E. White.—The Blind Spot. By Rev. W. L. Watkinson. The Enthroned Servant Christ. By Rev. A. Maclaren, D.D.—The Duty of Conservatives in a Time of Theological Conflict. By Rev. E. B. Coe, D.D.—Dewdrops. By Rev. G. D. Evans.—Nails. By Rev. G. Milligan, B.D.—Open Windows.—By Rev. G. Ohlson.

JAMES NISBET & CO., 21, BERNERS STREET, W.

SWAN SONNENSCHEIN & CO.

PERMANENTLY VALUABLE GIFT-BOOKS.

THE BROWNING CYCLOPÆDIA. By Dr. EDWARD BERDOE. Very thick large crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

"*" This, the most important and most generally useful Browning work hitherto attempted, is at length ready, and will be found in stock at all Booksellers.

A PROSE SUPPLEMENT TO PERCY'S "RELIQUES."

TALES AND LEGENDS OF NATIONAL ORIGIN. With Critical Introductions to each by W. CAREW HAZLITT. Thick 8vo, 15s. Supernatural Legends—Feudal and Forest Legends—Romantic Legends—Descriptive and Humorous Legends.

RELIGIOUS SYSTEMS OF THE WORLD: A Contribution to the Study of Comparative Religion. Being a Series of Essays by Eminent Specialists. Second Edition, Entirely Revised and considerably Enlarged by more than 20 Additional Articles. 8vo, 15s.

Among the 54 Contributors are: Canon Rawlinson, Sir A. C. Lyall, Sir Geo. Cox, F. York Powell, W. R. Morfill, Prof. Legge, S. Beal, W. St. C. Boscawen, Prof. Tiele, Isab. Bird, Dr. Leitner, J. M. Robertson, F. C. Conybeare, Oscar Browning, Allanson Picton. Sir Fred. Pollock, Revs. J. Owen, J. Clifford, C. Voysey, T. Child, Edw. White, D. Fotheringham, E. Miller, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Stanton Coit, etc., etc.

ARGENTINA AND THE ARGENTINES. By THOMAS A. TURNER, for many years resident in the Argentine Republic. Profusely Illustrated. Thick 8vo, 15s.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS. Edited, with Life of the Poet, Notes, Glossary (Vol. X.), by Rev. A. DYCE. Sixth Edition. 8vo, 10 vols., 5,052 pp., 45s. net.

DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF SAMUEL PEPYS. With Life and Notes by Lord BRAYBROOKE. Verbatim Reprint of the Third Edition, 1841-49 (Copyright). 8vo, 4 vols., 2,088 pp., 18s. net.

"The ablest picture of the age in which the writer lived, and a work of standard importance in English literature."—*Athenæum.*

HISTORY OF THE BUCCANEERS OF AMERICA. By Captain JAMES BURNEY, F.R.S. 8vo, 400 pp. and 2 Maps, 4s., net.

"As fascinating as a romance."—*Scotsman.*

The above three Works have recently been added to the CHEAP LIBRARY EDITION of STANDARD AUTHORS, a complete List of which will be sent on application.

"A MOST ABSORBING HISTORICAL ROMANCE."

THE PRINCESS TARAKANOVA: A Dark Chapter of Russian History. Translated from the Russian of DANILEVSKI. With Engraved Plates, 8vo, 10s. 6d.

"This very remarkable book. Fact stranger than fiction. The story is a fit subject for a novelist's pen, especially such a terse and vigorous pen as Danilevski's. The details were obtained from official documents."—*Queen.*

SECOND EDITION. 4to, 21s. Double Columns. 500 Illustrations.

DICTIONARY OF CLASSICAL ANTIQUITIES, MYTHOLOGY, RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND ART. Adapted from the Work of Prof. SEYFFERT by Prof. H. NETTLESHIP (Oxford), and Dr. J. E. TANDYS (Camb.). Second Edition, with Index of Subjects and Illustrations.

The *Times* says:—"At once more concise and more comprehensive than the well-known 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities' which has so long held the field. Its scholarly execution and its copious illustrations render it a formidable rival."

CIVILIZATION OF THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY. By J. G. BURCKHARDT. Translated by S. G. C. MIDDLEMORE. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

"A model of what such a work ought to be. Admirably translated. He has condensed an immense mass of erudition. We have seldom met with more picturesque descriptions of life and manners."—*Times.*

CULTIVATED PLANTS AND DOMESTIC ANIMALS IN THEIR MIGRATION FROM ASIA TO EUROPE. By VICTOR HEHN. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

"It is impossible here to give any idea of the extreme wealth of illustration. It is a storehouse of entertainment. Prof. Hehn writes like a living man, and not as a Dryasdust, and many of our readers will find his work supremely interesting."—*Field.*

DE QUINCEY'S UNCOLLECTED WRITINGS. With a Preface and Annotations by JAMES HOGG. Cheaper Edition. 2 vols., 7s.

"Mr. Hogg has placed all lovers of De Quincey under an obligation."—*Academy.*

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL NOVEL OF THE YEAR. SIXTH EDITION IN ONE VOLUME.

THE WAGES OF SIN. By LUCAS MALET. 6s.

"Surpasses in psychological insight any English novel published since the death of George Eliot."—Canon MACCOLL, in the *Contemporary Review.*

THE DILETTANTE LIBRARY. Each with Portrait, 2s. 6d.

1. **DANTE AND HIS IDEAL.** By HERBERT BAYNES, M.R.A.S.
2. **BROWNING'S MESSAGE TO HIS TIME.** By Dr. E. BERDOE.
3. **IBSEN.** By the Rev. P. H. WICKSTEED, M.A.
4. **GOETHE.** By OSCAR BROWNING, M.A.
5. **DANTE.** By OSCAR BROWNING, M.A.

THE ANTIQUARIAN LIBRARY. Each 3s. 6d.

1. **MONUMENTAL BRASSES.** By Rev. H. W. MACKLIN B.A. Illustrated. Second Edition.
2. **SYMBOLISM IN CHRISTIAN ART.** By Prof. F. E. HULME, F.S.A., of King's College. 113 Illustrations.

"Gives the results of wide research."—*Westminster Review.*

3. **HERALDRY.** By Prof. HULME. 194 Illustrations.

"Really elementary and perfectly intelligible. The illustrations are real helps."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"An excellent handbook."—*Scotsman.*

SWAN SONNENSCHEIN & CO., Paternoster Square, London.

VALUABLE BOOKS FOR PRESENTS.

A Dictionary of Hymnology: The Origin and History of the Christian Hymns of all Ages and Nations. By Rev. JOHN JULIAN, M.A. 1,600 pp. Medium 8vo, £2 2s.

John William Burgon: A Biography. With Extracts from his Letters and Early Journals. By EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBURN, D.D., some time Dean of Norwich. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, with portraits, 24s.

Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan; with a Summer in the Upper Karun Region, and a Visit to the Nestorian Rayahs. By Mrs. BISHOP (Isabella Bird). Maps and Illustrations. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, 24s.

The Lives of Twelve Good Men. By J. W. BURGON, B.D. 6th Thousand. With Portraits of the Author and of the Twelve. 8vo, 16s.

A Memoir of Jenny Lind. By Canon SCOTT HOLLAND and W. S. ROCKSTRO. Third Edition, Portraits, Illustrations, and Music. 2 vols. 8vo, 32s.

My Canadian Journal, 1872—1878. By the MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA. Portraits, Map, and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 12s. Large Paper Copies, 21s.

Adventures in the Life of Count Albert of ERBACH. Translated from the German. By H.R.H. PRINCESS BEATRICE. Second Edition. Portraits. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

London: Past and Present. By HENRY B. WHEATLEY, F.S.A. Based on Cunningham's Handbook. Library Edition. 3 vols. Medium 8vo, £3 3s.

Fergusson's History of the Modern Styles OF ARCHITECTURE. A New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. By Professor ROBERT KERR. With 330 Illustrations. 2 vols. Medium 8vo, 31s. 6d.

Memoir and Letters of Sidney Gilchrist THOMAS, Inventor. Edited by R. W. BURNIE, Barrister-at-Law. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"Even Dr. Smiles, with all his researches, has never found a more striking instance of the potency of diligence overcoming all difficulties."—*New York Herald.*

Egypt Under the Pharaohs. A History derived entirely from the Monuments. By HEINRICH BRUGSCH-BEY. A New Edition, Condensed and Thoroughly Revised, by M. BRODRICK. With Maps. 8vo, 18s.

Historical Introduction to the Study of THE BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By GEORGE SALMON, D.D., F.R.S., Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. Fifth Edition. Post 8vo, 9s.

Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman EMPIRE. Edited, with Notes, by Dr. WM. SMITH. 8 vols. 8vo, 60s.

Goldsmith's Works. Edited, with Notes, by PETER CUNNINGHAM. 4 vols. 8vo, 30s.

Pope's (Alexander) Life and Works. With Introductions and Notes by CROKER, ELWIN, and COURTHOPE. Portraits. 10 vols. 8vo, £5 5s.

Dr. Wm. Smith's Concise Dictionary of THE BIBLE. 21s.

Wordsworth's (Bishop) Greece; Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical. With an Introduction on the Characteristics of Greek Art. Illustrations. Royal 8vo, 31s. 6d.

Tocqueville's State of Society in France BEFORE THE REVOLUTION, 1789, and the Causes which led to that Event. 8vo, 12s.

Primitive Culture. Researches into the Development of Mythology, Philosophy, Religion, Language, Art, and Science. By EDWARD B. TYLOR, F.R.S. Third Edition, Revised. 2 vols. 8vo, 21s.

Old English Plate: Ecclesiastical, Decorative, and Domestic. By WILFRID J. CRIPPS, C.B. Fourth Revised Edition. Illustrations. Medium 8vo, 21s.

A Publisher and His Friends. A Memoir and Correspondence of the late John Murray. By SAMUEL SMILES, LL.D. Fourth Thousand. Portraits. 2 vols. 8vo, 32s.

The Railways of America. With Maps, and 200 Illustrations. Large 8vo, 31s. 6d.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.